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[Early in December will be issued the FIRST ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT of the SATURDAY REVIEW. For further particulars see p. 481.]

NOTES.

THERE is a certain charm in Lord Dufferin's speeches which gives them an interest out of all proportion to their importance. And this charm does not lie merely in courtesy or in compliment, though Lord Dufferin is lavish of these graces, and cannot mention even poor Mr. Curzon without praising "his recent brilliant and admirable speech"; but in a mellow wisdom which is the result of native kindliness and acumen tempered by a long and varied experience of life. The late Mr. Froude used often to say that the one person he would like to have met and talked with was Ulysses. "How interesting it would be," he would remark humorously, "to have Ulysses' opinion on Universal Suffrage and on a House of Parliament where Thersites is listened to as patiently as the King of men." And if one thinks of it, it is strange that the early epic should have given us a picture not only of warriors and lovers, but of one of the wisest of men, for this Ulysses apparently was, the worldly-wisest man at least we have any account of in fiction or in history. It seems to us that the charm of Lord Dufferin's speech at Belfast on Wednesday last might, in default of a better word, be called Ulyssian.

For, like Ulysses, Lord Dufferin, after visiting many cities of men, has at length returned home, neither discontented with the past nor hopeless in regard to the future. Surely the wise Greek would have commended the attitude of the man who cheerily alludes to deafness as his part of the burden of advancing years, and who declares that "a sensible man should be prompt to recognize the limitations imposed upon his activity by Nature's gently beckoning hand when the hour strikes to leave the scene vacant for younger and better men than himself." Lord Dufferin goes on to strike even a higher note: "Nor have I any reason to regret the change, for it will bring me again into continued contact and relationship with the friends of my youth, with the occupations and interests of my earlier life," and so forth. The words we have put in italics seem to us pregnant with ripest wisdom. And Lord Dufferin is none of your foolish optimists who take pride in ignoring the realities of life; he sees and says that, "in spite of Christianity, civilization; in spite of humanitarian philosophies, the triumphs of scientific knowledge; in spite of the lessons of history and the bitter experiences of the more recent past, force, and not right, is still the dominant factor in human affairs, and that no nation's independence or possessions are safe for a moment unless she can guard them with her own right hand."

Nor is the fact that "might and not right" is the supreme arbiter of life the most unpleasant truth that experience has taught Lord Dufferin. The folly of man is even more conspicuous than his brutal disregard of justice. Speaking of recent wars Lord Dufferin says, "And the worst of it is that most of these wars have not been wars of right and wrong, clearly defined and understood, but wars of policy, of passion, of misty interests and obscure origins, and so completely has this been the rule that in almost every instance the exact *casus belli* is still a matter of ambiguity and historical dispute." This terrible truth lends weight to the warning which Lord Dufferin addresses to us: "We should remember that the safeguard of the 'silver streak' is an ever-diminishing advantage. In former days the winds were as faithful allies of Britain as her seas; but their virtue has been exorcised by steam, and probably there is not a War Office in Central Europe which does not possess the matured plans of some clever strategist for a descent upon our coasts." "Central" Europe, says Lord Dufferin, discerning clearly enough that Germany is our real rival and foe. The inference is corroborated by the further statement that the unfriendly attitude towards Russia so long maintained by Great Britain was founded upon "obsolete prejudices." Altogether a noteworthy speech.

At length Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has done something worthy of his undoubted abilities. His speech at Bristol on Thursday last was not only interesting on account of his position, but was in itself a most important contribution to our knowledge of the "rate-aid" question. In principle Sir Michael Hicks-Beach sees no reason why grants should not be made from the rates to denominational schools, and consequently his objections on practical grounds are the more convincing. "During the last fifty years," he tells us, "eight Bills have been brought into Parliament" to effect this reform, "and yet it has never been found possible to carry it out." And he justifies experience by argument. Assume that Parliament has voted in favour of the principle of aid from the rates. How is that aid to be given? "Clearly by a local body, School Board, or town council, or something of that sort. Was the local body to be compelled to give that aid whether it liked it or not?" The mere question, we venture to believe, lays the matter to rest. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, too, evidently regards such an interference with the rights of ratepayers as unjustifiable. And if there was no compulsion "where aid was most wanted," he was afraid "it would not be given." All English Churchmen should read this speech and lay it to heart; but why did Sir Michael Hicks-Beach disfigure it by a partisan attempt to defend the way in which the business of Government was conducted last Session?

The Presidential election in America has at least had the good effect of making the reputation of an English

journalist. Mr. G. W. Steevens has sent to the "Daily Mail" not only the fairest and most complete account of the extraordinary contest which has appeared in any English paper, but has managed at the same time to convey a vivid and true impression of the Americans themselves. This is no mean feat. For, to say nothing of Stead, who went to Chicago to find beerhouses and worse, Bourget gave us a foolish photograph of Jonathan distorted by French prejudice almost as bad in its way as Mark Twain's picture of Paris. But Mr. Steevens sees the American fairly. In his latest article he tells us how the stream of emigration into the Western States has gradually altered the centre of gravity of America and has now made Chicago the political capital of the United States. "The population within 150 miles of Chicago is twenty-five millions—well over a third of the whole nation." His interview, too, with Mr. Hanna is excellent—parenthetically, we may observe that Mr. Steevens regards McKinley's election as certain. "In person Mr. Hanna is merely short, ruddy, not thin, with firm lips and a twinkle in his eye, and short side whiskers, that make him look almost like an Englishman he committed himself to the view that he could not afford to lose a State, for he wants so thumping a majority as shall kill Free Silver for ever." Well played Mr. Steevens, and well played the "Daily Mail."

Lord Charles Beresford is better as a fighter than a counsellor. His speech at the Constitutional Club on Wednesday last on "The British Occupation in (?) of Egypt" was excellent in manner and matter, but inconsequent to an extraordinary degree. "During our occupation," he said, "we have carried out reforms and improvements which had never been equalled in history," and he proceeded to give the list. The slave-trade had been abolished, and slavery as a domestic institution was fast disappearing; education was increasing, and justice now meant as much as formerly it had meant little; the prisons had been improved, and brigandage had been brought to an end; irrigation had been extended without forced labour, the telegraphs and railways enormously improved, and 800 miles of roads constructed since 1890; the army, too, had been turned from "a cowardly half-starved rabble" into a fine fighting and disciplined force; and all these reforms had been effected concurrently with a diminution of taxation, while the annual Budget that formerly showed nearly a million deficit now showed a million surplus. All this is true, and was admirably put by Lord Charles Beresford; but when he went on to argue that we should, therefore, proclaim a protectorate over Egypt, he merely gave us a good instance of the *non sequitur*. Machiavelli was the first to state the truth, insufficiently appreciated even yet, that every outpost held by the Romans and not colonized by them was in war a source of weakness. Why should we hold Egypt at the risk of a war with France? Lord Charles Beresford was one of the first to teach us that the Suez Canal would be worthless to us in case of war, and that our true route to India was round the Cape. And now that the Canal has been neutralized, what good is Egypt to us? Less than no good. Why then should we not keep our promises and leave it?

It seems a great blunder to send Dr. Temple to Lambeth, although it is customary to appoint the Bishop of London to the vacant Primacy. But precedents may be followed too far, and in this case they have been followed to the verge of the ridiculous. It is foolish and even disgraceful to thrust new greatness upon a man of seventy-five, who should be spending the rest of his days in much-needed meditation and retirement. Though Dr. Temple were endowed with the force of the dragons who "tare each other in the slime" in their primæval wrestlings, yet it would avail him nothing, for he cannot see properly. Such a defect has ruined the labours of more soft-spoken prelates.

The new Archbishop's knowledge of life is small. He was snatched from the seclusion of a Balliol tutorship to the worst possible training-ground for bishops,

the Headmastership of Rugby. Here he bullied and birched at his pleasure, and learned that pedagogic politeness and sweetness of address which has since distinguished him. The Broad Churchmen look upon him as a renegade; the Low Churchmen think him shamefully lax in his opinions; and the High Churchmen, who for a time fondly believed that he fasted and read the "Summa Theologica," cannot forgive him for being "a mere North-ender." Men who belong to none of these factions dislike to be treated like fourth-form boys when these are interviewed in the headmaster's study. Genial and jovial people think that there should, at any rate, be polished corners in our temples: and outsiders can see no reason why the manners of the Puritans should survive their theology.

Yet everybody knows that the Archbishop-designate has the courage of his opinions. He neither hits below the belt nor stabs behind the back. He is not a statesman, not a theologian, not an orator, not a good companion, not a philosopher, not a critic, not a canonist, not experienced in the ways and the wiles and the needs of men and women; but at least he is a man, and a stout Englishman to boot. If he had been born a generation later and cradled under kindlier skies, he would have made work for the historian, perhaps even for the poet. But as it is, he has been lured into a position which will afford him no honour and much unhappiness.

It is worth noting that the appointment was practically made on the day of the late Archbishop's funeral. The thing had to be swiftly done; and while most persons were praying in church, last Sunday, that the Government might be "directed to the proper person," the proper person had been selected, and, indeed, had accepted the post a couple of days before. The truth is, that two facts loom large—the Education question and the Lambeth Conference in May of next year. Both this time next year will be ancient history; but both require just now a guiding hand, a clear head, infinite resource, and a wide political survey, which only two men, at most, on the Bench at present are able to bring, and Temple is one of them.

It is quite clear that "Church Reform," which has been whispered and muttered for so long, is gradually assuming positive proportions. We shall have to go, at no very distant date, into the details of this question. But one thing must be said now. If the Bishops advocate "retirement" at a certain age with regard to the inferior clergy, they themselves must expect the same measure. For a Bishop to lag superfluous on the stage—and the thing is not unknown—is to add fuel to the flame. Bishops of ninety may be very wonderful, but their services at five thousand a year are not required.

M. Challemel-Lacour was one of the *empêcheurs de danser en rond* of the Third Republic; M. Henri Brisson is the other. Lest the reader should fail to find the term in the ordinary dictionaries, we hasten to inform him that it is slang, but that Gambetta and some of his cronies were not particular in that respect. That was why they sent Challemel-Lacour to represent France at the Court of St. James. They were of opinion that one spoil-sport or wet-blanket more or less would make no difference in proverbial dull England. They were mistaken. Challemel-Lacour, in spite of his worth as a scholar and an almost English reserve, failed to ingratiate himself with Lord Granville, the political world, and society in general, not because, as was alleged at the time, he was a bachelor, but because he invariably entertained our Foreign Secretary with the distressed condition of Ireland. Things reached such a pass that one day Lord Granville said to a friend, "I should like to get hold of some one with sufficient influence over M. Challemel-Lacour to inform him that he may safely discuss politics with me." Of course by politics Lord Granville meant "English home affairs."

Shortly after Challemel-Lacour's return to Paris, he became Minister of Foreign Affairs. His *raideur* was so ingrained that it made absolutely no difference to

him where he exhibited it, although his Jacobinism—his nickname was the Marquis de la Jacobinière—generally impelled him to vent it on a bishop, an archbishop, or better still, on the Papal Nuncio. Monsignor di Rende, the present bishop (or archbishop) of Benevento had a sample of it on one occasion when Ferry was god and Challemel-Lacour his prophet at the Quai d'Orsay. On leaving the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères, the Nuncio would have gone straight to Grévy and signified his departure but for the advice of a friend; for Ferry, to whom he complained, would not or could not give him satisfaction or redress. Monsignor di Rende took his revenge in even a more signal fashion than did Elizabeth when resenting Archbishop Parker's firmness in refusing to re-introduce the crucifix and to sanction the celibacy of the clergy. Queen Bess took some notice of Mrs. Parker at the end of that memorable entertainment at Lambeth Palace. "Madam," said the Queen, "I may not call you, and Mistress I am loth to call you; however, I thank you for your good cheer." At the next entertainment of the Prime Minister, who was only civilly married, Mgr. di Rende took not the slightest notice of Mme. Ferry.

Monday night's exhibition at the Imperial Institute was the worst of a long series of ineptitudes. The executive of the South Kensington white elephant perpetrated a blunder in allowing a gentleman like Mr. David Draper, personally so objectionable to the body of the Fellows, to appear, and the Fellows themselves behaved like boors towards one who, rightly or wrongly, was their guest. The Institute was conceived in the year of the Queen's Jubilee as a memorial to Her Majesty's glorious reign; at a time when every one is discussing the fittest method of celebrating the length of that reign, the best it can do is to indulge in something approaching a free fight. No wonder that Sir Somers Vine should prefer to become a director of companies rather than to remain assistant secretary of an institute which he has aided the secretary, Sir Frederick Abel, to mismanage. No wonder the Colonies long ago had had enough of the whole business, and reduced the Institute to the indignity of going round with the hat and forwarding "accounts rendered," which Colonial Governments refused to pay.

A few weeks ago we described the parlous condition into which the British silk industry had fallen. The Annual Report of the Lyons Chamber of Commerce comes as a very significant pendant to our remarks. We hear something of a silk revival in England, but it is a poor sort of thing compared with what is happening in France. Theirs is genuine progress; ours is a feeble attempt at rehabilitation. Our total export of silk manufactures was worth £1,119,511 in 1895, as against £1,055,087 in 1894 (against which there has to be placed a decrease in our partly manufactured silk exports); but our increased export of some fifty thousand pounds makes a poor show against the increased import of over three hundred thousand pounds' worth. And compare our record with the French.

Never has Lyons been so prosperous. She received nearly seven million kilogrammes of raw silks last year, an increase of nearly a million on the year before, of over one and a half million on the decennial average. And the figures of production are of course on a similar plane. We cannot here quote many, but would draw attention to one item: the wares comprised under the heading "Tulles, crêpes, passementeries, étoffes pour le Levant," show the increase in value of the production of 1895 over 1894 to be from 40,500,000 francs to 51,400,000 francs. Here England is specially hit; and the Lyons Chamber congratulates its city on becoming a rival of Nottingham, that "grand centre de fabrication des tulles." England and the United States are the chief dumping-grounds for the French looms. The exports to England were worth 120,359,000 francs last year, against 93,598,000 francs in 1894. Her increased exports to Spain and Turkey were yet more wonderful. But even so, in this time of unequalled prosperity, Lyons has had to lower her flag before

Milan, who has at length passed her in the race for the world's silk-manufacturing premiership. And of course the eternal German is in evidence. He is knocking France out just now with umbrellas. Umbrella silk, by-the-bye, was once regarded as a speciality of Spitalfields. Poor old England!

When an Archbishop of Canterbury dies, there are hundreds of students whose interest in the selection of a successor is limited to the diffident hope that he may be a man of letters, or at least a person with respect enough for literature to take his responsibilities as master of the Lambeth Palace Library seriously. Here is a collection of rare old books, manuscripts, and other raw material for the historian which in several respects is quite unique. It contains, for example, the bulk of the rich literary booty brought from Ireland in the time of the Carews and Raleigh, which Archbishop Tenison was wise enough in his day to secure for the public. To the worker in Irish subjects Lambeth is every whit as important as Dublin, and much more so than the British Museum, but he must be a man of exceptional resources and determination to get any value whatever out of the hoards that he believes to be there. Librarian, in any proper sense of the word, the place has none; the so-called catalogue is but an obsolete mystification; the attendants doubtless have sufficient claims to Episcopal favour, but they know and care nothing about the contents of the books and cases which they dust and arrange. What is more, books which were known to be there eighty years ago cannot be found now by any means known to the student, and this raises the doubt whether Lambeth has not suffered from something worse than neglect. No other public library in Europe is so badly served.

The attacks upon Mr. Purcell for his Life of Manning, and his defence, have raised an old point of literary ethics. Ought a biographer to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about his subject? Or ought he to mutilate his materials in order not to hurt the feelings of living persons? The old-fashioned plan was not to mention names, but to indicate the persons to the knowing by a description. Thus Boswell used to begin:—"Speaking of a certain member of Parliament, Dr. Johnson remarked," &c.; or, "Alluding to a distinguished judge, Dr. Johnson," &c. Boswell's editors filled in the names of Burke and others. The modern fashion is, apparently, to keep the biography back till the great ones glanced at are dead. We have been told that Lord Rowton is only waiting for the Queen and Mr. Gladstone to die in order to bring out Lord Beaconsfield's memoirs. This is dangerous, as we live so fast nowadays that posthumous fame is precarious. The literary executors of Lord Randolph Churchill should bear this in mind.

Mr. Boulger's "Life of Gordon," which saw the light last week, is hardly likely to revive very virulent controversies of ten years ago. He is dogmatic enough to call forth denials. He declares roundly that Sir Evelyn Baring (now Lord Cromer) and Lord Wolseley were responsible for the mischance which befel Gordon. But assertion is not sufficient in this case. Let us admit that Lord Cromer regarded Gordon as a crack-brained fanatic and considered it to be his duty rather to thwart than assist him; let us admit also for the sake of argument that Lord Wolseley chose the longer route, and that he should have led his forces by Suakin Berber and not by the Nile, and that Sir Charles Wilson wasted time at Metemneh, and everything else that Mr. Boulger wishes to establish. After all, these men did their best, and the human imperfection of the instruments does not justify the plan nor excuse the planner. Mr. Gladstone is alone responsible for sending Gordon to Khartoum, for failing to support him or to rescue him. Does not Mr. Boulger know that all through that spring and early summer Lord Wolseley was pressing the Government to be allowed to start? It is an "open secret" now that Mr. Gladstone stood alone in his Cabinet in withholding the permission until, as Lord Wolseley himself said, "it was two months too late."

WILLIAM THE WITLESS.

WHEN, a little more than six years ago, the Emperor William goaded Prince Bismarck into resignation, students of politics who knew, or thought they knew, the Iron Chancellor, eagerly asked what was likely to happen under the new régime. William II. had given no proof of unique abilities as a statesman; but he had given ample proof of an excitable, erratic, and emotional disposition. When he elected to take command, Germany was strong and respected on all hands. France was isolated, Russia was friendly, England was, to all intents and purposes, an adherent to the Triple Alliance, and the Triple Alliance itself stood firm as a rock. That was the European situation which Prince Bismarck was mainly instrumental in creating and maintaining. Powers which he could not command as allies he set by the ears among themselves. Europe might be kept on the tenterhooks of terror from week's end to week's end. Germany dominated the position. What has been the effect of Prince Bismarck's supersession by the Emperor William? The answer is writ large across every daily paper published for months past. Germany under the misguiding hands of the present Kaiser has managed to bring Russia and France together in bonds of intimacy which, on the one hand, permit the autocratic Tsar to embrace the Republic in "a profound sentiment of comradeship," and on the other induce the anti-monarchical Gaul to subscribe cheerfully three and a half millions of francs for an Emperor's entertainment. Nor is this all. His Imperial Majesty's efforts have shifted the weight of Great Britain's sympathy from the Triple Alliance to the Dual Alliance, thus ensuring for Russia and France in Europe the position occupied previously by Germany, Austria and Italy. Germany, after half a dozen years of the Kaiser's undivided control of foreign affairs, has become the one Power hopelessly isolated in Europe, and is hardly less distrusted by those who must still be called her allies than by those whose friendship she has sought in vain to compass and to keep.

How this has come to pass may easily be indicated. The Emperor William imagined that the divine right, which he assured the world entitled him to rule, conferred also diplomatic genius. To his mind, the ordering of the universe was a business in which a heaven-helped Hohenzollern could hardly fail to prove a greater adept than a Bismarck. With curious but characteristic inability to read a moral, however plainly set before it, the European press has wholly failed to grasp the significance of the latest Bismarckian revelations. They are not, perhaps, so much revelations as a confirmation of convictions now seen to be well grounded. The Emperor does not deny their authenticity, because denial is incompatible with the respect which even amateur diplomacy must sometimes pay to truth. Or it may be that the Emperor regards as still operative the despatch of May 1890, in which he informed German representatives abroad that Prince Bismarck's utterances or views in the press were of no practical importance. In the present instance they are at least of practical importance to the extent that they enable one to gauge the degree of discomfiture which William II. has brought upon the Fatherland. They show that down to 1890 a compact existed between Russia and Germany enjoining benevolent neutrality in the event of either being attacked. What is there in that inconsistent with a defensive alliance with Austria and Italy? Both the alliance and the friendly understanding had as their *raison d'être* protection against wanton aggression. The Austrian Government, it is pretty clear, was quite cognizant of the understanding, and to talk of Prince Bismarck's diplomatic duplicity in this connexion is to talk nonsense. Prince Bismarck rendered Germany the service of keeping Russia, France, and England apart, while at the same time he cemented the Triple Alliance. The reverse of that magnificent masterpiece of sustained diplomacy has been the accomplishment of his successor. Prince Bismarck made Germany's enemies and rivals helpless; the Emperor William has made them all-powerful.

The secret of the anti-Bismarckian line persisted in by William II. is to be found in his determination at all

costs to regard his grandfather as a great man. His grandfather is his ideal in statesmanship and in arms, and he has spared no endeavour to exalt him at the expense of both Bismarck and Moltke. But the effort was beyond his powers. It was one which only insanity would have dreamed of attempting. He has not made William I. appear a greater man than he was; but he has proved William II. to be a more witless diplomatist than his most mistrustful friends ever feared he would be. Germany fumes at Great Britain to-day because her Kaiser has managed by his policy, or want of policy, beyond the seas, to make her ridiculous. He encouraged interference in the Transvaal and in Zanzibar, only to climb down ignominiously when Great Britain showed she would not be slow to defend her own. Germany not unnaturally frets and chafes under the impotence which William the Witless has made clear is her portion in the international economy. His grandfather's great Minister never did that, and the position is such to-day, that the question is openly canvassed whether Germany would not be well advised to give up Alsace-Lorraine. The time has come when the President of the French Senate publicly hails the alliance with Russia as "a ground for confidence and hope." Confidence in, and hope of, what? There are few Frenchmen whose minds will not have reverted to the lost provinces as they read those words. William II. is the rising hope of Germany's ill-wishers.

EMPIRE, TRADE, AND SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

UNDER the title "Empire, Trade and Armaments," and the auspices of something called the Increased Armaments Protest Committee, there is now in circulation (price twopence) an "Exposure." Careful perusal has failed to elicit exactly what it exposes, but the intention (somewhat baulked in the performance) is obviously to demonstrate that the cementing and safeguarding of the Empire and the strengthening of its commerce are evil devices worthy only to compare with the enterprises of Abdul. We credit Sir Wilfrid Lawson with this delightful pamphlet, for it is quite in his best Little England, wit-and-bombast manner. Who other than Sir Wilfrid (unless it be the writer of the "Morning Advertiser" headlines, which is impossible) could, with plethoric alliteration, write of "Rhodesian raiders and rosewater revolutionists"; or crush wicked Tories by cheery misquotations of Scripture; or describe Mr. Goschen's Budget speech as "sheer bunkum," and the spreading of naval expenses over three years as "the pawnshop method"? Of a surety the voice is the voice of our own Sir Wilfrid, speaking to the people once more out of the fulness of his great Radical heart. Moreover, we learn on the cover of the pamphlet that the Increased Armaments Protest Committee was formally constituted "for purposes of agitation and education," at a meeting over which Sir Wilfrid presided. It was born that it might prove "an effective antidote to the Jingo, militarist, and sham-patriotic sentiment . . . and it ventures to press upon the attention of every sympathizer . . . that the smallest sums will be gladly received." It has also made Dr. Spence Watson its president; and it has run its pamphlet into a third edition. A fine indignation animates each line of "Empire, Trade and Armaments," sometimes swallowing clean up such minor points as consistency of statement, as when the writer tells us he does not believe that the new Jingo Imperialism "has a real hold upon the mind of the people," having on the opposite page assured us that the same sentiment "exerts an almost unrestrained influence upon the public mind." But we could pardon these trifles if only Sir Wilfrid (or the Committee) would not be so enigmatic. Following the sentence about Jingoism and the public mind comes this:—"A great deal of corruption can be done with fifty million pounds a year." This is, of course, a fine thought finely expressed; but what on earth does it mean? Nothing that follows bears the slightest relation to this cryptic utterance. Like Walt Whitman, we have sat and pondered it "long and long," and, short of insanity, and to save ourselves therefrom, we have adopted the theory that it is a printer's freak.

Still, though the pamphlet presents us with enigmas to solve, it also imparts useful knowledge on points concerning which we were heretofore in gross ignorance. We refer less to the information that "the country owes so much of its prosperity to those great statesmen, Cobden, Mill, Bright, and Gladstone," than to the subsequent disclosure that "these and other strong influences—among which the Peace Society and the International Arbitration Association must be mentioned—have not gone for nothing." Now at last the secret is out, and we know why the Powers forbear to clutch at each other's throats: the influence of the International Arbitration Association is upon them. Armed with this useful information (as also with the further discovery that the encouragement of national trade is "a specious appeal to the more selfish instincts of an industrial nation," and that Sir Wilfrid and his congeners are the "true patriots") we are ready to tackle the recondite reasons why England should abandon the commercial and naval defence of her Empire.

No light task is the due appreciation of these arguments. For example: "Both in the Near and the Far East we have allowed ourselves to be supplanted politically and commercially in positions where our influence was a year or two ago absolutely paramount." It may be true; we more than suspect that to a large extent it is true; but in our blind ignorance we should have deemed it a most potent reason for strengthening and recovering our position. Nothing of the sort; it is a reason for doing the exact opposite, as you will learn when you have mastered the Protest dialectics; and if you do not, you may put yourself down as a New Jingo and no true patriot. (The True Patriot, by the way, dissembles his love, and refers to the mother land as "Bully Britain," which is elegant, alliterative, and, of course, accurately descriptive.) If you want another reason why this country would be better without its navy, you have but to turn to page 15, where certain words of Lord Wolseley are invested with a meaning which the Field-Marshal certainly never intended they should bear. These are the words: "A fleet, as we know, may be destroyed in a violent storm." Therefore, exclaims Little England, why spend money on a possession of which the first gale may rob you? When the limpid clearness of this logic has impressed itself fully upon you, you are in a condition to tackle the next enigma. It is in large type, and reads: "Armed peace is civil war." You may not know what the sentence means; we do not a bit; but you will learn to put a new interpretation on the words "civil war." You have probably been accustomed to regard civil war as a conflict between compatriots; and armed peace is certainly not that, even with a sham fight thrown in.

Then we come to the projected Customs Union. That, of course, the Protest Committee will not have at any price. The bare notion of a practical consolidation of this "bloated," wicked Empire evokes a howl. Having howled, the Committee proceeds to "argue," ranging this under five separate heads. We will extract No. 4:—"British labour is losing, and not gaining, and will probably lose still more heavily by the extension of the Empire." After this lucid demonstration of the demerits of Imperial prosperity, who will dare to utter another voice on behalf of Commercial Federation?

On the last page of the "Exposure" we found a remarkable sentence. Its presence is as inexplicable as that of the other sentence we noted; for, strange though it may appear, it is the utterance of a sound economic thought, and is good enough to quote:—"We then [a century ago] lent to our political friends in order to secure the overthrow of our national foes; now we lend to our political and industrial rivals, helping them to supplant us in the struggles, whether of peace or war." That can't be Sir Wilfrid's voice!

It may be said, Why take notice of rubbish of this kind? One is certainly tempted to throw it into the fire and dismiss it from consideration; but it is needful to remember that many people into whose hands these and similar emanations of Radicalism fall do not throw the stuff into the fire—not, at any rate, until they have assimilated some of it. To numbers of such people these productions appeal as masterpieces of wit and wisdom; or an impression is created that "there is

something in it." And so, when election time comes round, men are sent to the House of Commons with a mission to hamper on every possible occasion the defence and development of the Empire.

CHINA'S "MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS."

THAT Li Hung-chang has been censured for a breach of etiquette and at the same time appointed "Minister for Foreign Affairs" is an indication that his enemies still have influence at Peking, and desire that Chinese officials in general should be made aware of the fact. It means, further, that the newly created "Ministry for Foreign Affairs" will be exposed to exactly the same obscurantist influences as the old Tsung-li Yamén. Blessed is he that expects little from changes in nomenclature, for he will assuredly not be disappointed. Li Hung-chang is certainly not the man to attempt any reform of the methods characterizing Chinese foreign intercourse for the last hundred years. His diplomatic policy, which may be summed up as one of easy promise and imperfect performance, has again secured a victory in the matter of the Chino-Japanese Commercial Treaty. At Shimonoseki Li Hung-chang consented to the insertion of a provision in the Treaty of Peace granting Japanese the right to manufacture goods at the open ports in China, the details of the arrangement to be fixed by a subsequent instrument, to be negotiated at Peking. This was a concession hailed with much applause by foreign merchants in China, who, by reason of the most-favoured-nation clause, participate in the advantages secured by the Japanese. Companies were formed in Shanghai, land purchased, buildings erected, and machinery ordered from England, in order that the new field of industry thus opened up might be thoroughly exploited.

But foreign merchants reckoned without Li Hung-chang. Negotiations for the proposed Commercial Treaty were begun in the autumn of last year, and went on month after month without apparently coming any nearer a conclusion. Japanese who had bought land in Shanghai, upon which to erect cotton-spinning mills, suddenly ceased operations, having received intimation from the Government that negotiations were not proceeding satisfactorily. The hitch arose over a very important section. Li Hung-chang claimed the right for China to make her own interpretation of the taxation-on-manufactures clause in the Shimonoseki Treaty, which practically meant obtaining power to place prohibitive duties on all goods manufactured by aliens in China, or, in other words, to render nugatory one of the most important provisions of the treaty. During Li Hung-chang's absence in Europe, he was succeeded in the negotiations by a plenipotentiary who strictly followed his predecessor's policy, with the result that Marquis Ito's Ministry at last gave up the contest and agreed to accept an interpretation which practically takes away with one hand what the Shimonoseki Treaty grants with the other.

Such are the tactics favoured by the new Chinese "Minister for Foreign Affairs." Since the signing of the Commercial Treaty, however, there has been a change of Ministry in Japan, and it appears that on coming into office Count Okuma, as became an exponent of "strong foreign policy," at once took measures to minimize the effect of his predecessor's surrender. Exchange of ratifications was declined until China promised the grant of "concessions" where Japanese business colonies could be established, with all the advantages of extra-territoriality, at Tientsin, Shanghai, Hankow, and Amoy. China seems to have agreed to the proposal with alacrity, knowing that, with the interpretation of the Shimonoseki clause in her own hands, the advantage lay with her. And little benefit will Japan reap from the new "concessions" if the same policy is followed there as at Soochow, a town placed on the list of Treaty ports by the Treaty of Shimonoseki. There the locality which has been appropriated for the Japanese settlement is outside the walls—at a place where there are no houses, and which is distant from the business quarter of the town, and from the banks, the steam-tug landings, and the letter company and telegraph offices. The issue of regulations governing the relations between Japanese

and Chinese has been obstinately delayed; Japanese who succeeded in renting houses in the city have been turned out and their landlords arrested by the Chinese authorities; and as a consequence of this keeping of promises in the letter and breaking them in the spirit, the Japanese merchants who set up in Soochow have found it impossible to commence business. The hand in all this may be that of the Tsung-li Yamén, but the voice is distinctly that of Li Hung-chang. If Count Okuma succeeds in forcing the new Chinese "Minister for Foreign Affairs" to abide by treaty engagements, he will indeed score a famous victory, and prove himself superior to any other Foreign Minister who has encountered the wily diplomat, erstwhile Viceroy of Pe-chi-li.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

SINCE I last wrote the scale seems to have been turning a little in favour of Bryan. Something has been done for him by his own preternatural power of clap-trap declamation exercised on very ignorant and highly inflammable audiences. More has probably been done for him by the unwisdom of the Republican leaders in bringing too much to the front again their ultra-Protectionist tariff. Of all the candidates whom they could have chosen, McKinley, whose name is a synonym for commercial monopoly, is about the worst. With Harrison or Alison, both of whom are Protectionist enough to satisfy any one who is a disciple of Henry Carey, victory would probably have been assured. Rather too great a front of plutocratic and social influence has, perhaps, unavoidably been shown. Mistakes, of course, have been made by individual over-zeal. One great employer has been ill advised enough to provoke the wrath of the mechanics by discharging men who were in favour of free silver. The interruption of business and trade which Bryan's agitation causes in itself helps him by swelling the number of the distressed. On the other hand, the rise in the price of wheat is against him, as it may allay the discontent of the farmers in the West.

Here is an estimate of the situation drawn up for me by an observer whom I may safely describe as keen-sighted, cool-headed, and well-informed:—

FOR BRYAN.

Alabama	11
Arkansas	8
Colorado	4
Florida	4
Georgia	13
Idaho	3
Louisiana	8
Mississippi	9
Missouri	17
Montana	3
Nevada	3
North Carolina	11
South Carolina	9
Tennessee	10
Texas	15
Utah	3
Virginia	12
							143

FOR McKinley.

Connecticut	6
Maine	6
Massachusetts	15
New Hampshire	4
New Jersey	10
New York	36
Ohio	23
Pennsylvania	32
Rhode Island	4
Vermont	4
							140

IN DOUBT.

California	9	Nebraska	8
Delaware	3	North Dakota	3
Illinois	24	South Dakota	4
Indiana	15	Oregon	4
Iowa	13	Washington	4
Kansas	10	West Virginia	6
Kentucky	13	Wisconsin	12
Maryland	8	Wyoming	3
Michigan	14				
Minnesota	9				
						162

Necessary to elect, 224. Bryan needs 81, and may reasonably expect California, Kansas, Kentucky, Maryland, Oregon, Washington, and Wyoming, 51, leaving 30 short. McKinley needs 84, and may reasonably expect Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, 87. It is just because McKinley can, in reason, see enough to elect him, while Bryan, on a reasonable view, is 30 short, that such confidence is felt by the impartial betting men in McKinley's success. How Delaware, Nebraska, the two Dakotas and West Virginia will go (24 votes) it is impossible to make a reasonable guess. They are likely to divide about evenly. Estimates which come to me from other sources are more favourable to McKinley. Confidence, I am assured, reigns in Republican headquarters, and I believe it to be perfectly well founded.

It will be remembered that there are now three candidates, McKinley, the Republican, Bryan, the Silver Democrat, or Popocrat, and Palmer, a Gold Democrat, started to take off from Bryan the votes of Gold Democrats who, as the American voter loves to be "regular," might otherwise be led to vote with their old party organization, notwithstanding its capture by the Bryanites and their disagreement with the Chicago platform. If no candidate gets a majority of the total number of votes, the Constitution relegates the election to the House of Representatives, where the voting is not by heads but by States. This gives an advantage to the small States in which Bryanism predominates. But on looking over the list of the present House, to which the decision would fall, it appears that in this event McKinley would be sure of election.

The character of the movement continues to define itself in the sense indicated in my former articles. Bimetallism is the least part of the matter. Bryanism is a vast Cave of Adullam, in which are combined all the distressed, all the discontented, all who have nothing to lose and may hope to gain by a general overturn. A Bryanite organ, quoted in the "New York Sun," "gives a few of the classes in the United States against which the masses are arrayed." They comprise Federal pensioners, the ministers of the Gospel, capitalists, the bankers, the salaried men, the brokers, protected manufacturers, and the rich. Of those who have anything to lose by a convulsion, comparatively few are on the side of Bryan. One even of the owners of large silver mines has declared against him, notwithstanding the promise of a profit of 64 per cent. on silver, saying that his success would entail evils which not even 64 per cent. could counteract. Of the men of mark to whose leadership the Americans have been generally pretty true, or of the first-class journalists, hardly any are on the side of Bryan. The Press of the United States has certainly distinguished itself by the promptitude and decision with which it put commercial considerations aside and declared for the integrity of the commonwealth. Tammany, on the other hand, lends to Bryanism its damning aid, which is gladly accepted by the professed apostle of reform. You will observe the phrase "masses and classes" in the American journal to which I have referred. The Bryanite movement, in fact, is in no small measure analogous to that rising of the masses against the classes for which the word was given in England by Mr. Gladstone when he was desperately bent upon forcing his way back into power.

Political passion, of course, is at fever-heat, and fears of violence are expressed. I witnessed the second election of Lincoln, in the midst of civil war. On that occasion the mob at Baltimore, the "Plug Uglies" as they were called, made a riot, and there was an apprehension of a second rising of the Irish in New York, to prevent which Federal troops came into the harbour. Otherwise there was, so far as I recollect, no more disturbance than at ordinary elections. At Boston, where Unionist feeling was very high, and the Unionist majority was very large, the minority was allowed to hold its meetings, hang its banners across the street, and conduct its torchlight procession without any molestation. So far as the native Americans are concerned the instinct of law and order is pretty sure to prevail. At present in Chicago, which, if there is a storm, will be the storm-centre, all is outwardly calm. But there has often been a great calm before a storm.

That there have been plenty of abuses and scandals—political, commercial, and social—to provoke this uprising cannot possibly be denied. But the success of the insurrection, composed of such elements as the Bryanite host, and under such leaders, will bring nothing but confusion, widespread ruin, and an immense increase of distress, to say nothing of the loss which repudiation under the name of Free Silver would entail on all holders of American securities. For such a disaster I do not look. There are still too many property-holders, or people who hope to hold property, in the United States, and too much good sense. The commonwealth will probably be quit for a fright which, it may be hoped, will prove wholesome, as it cannot be said to be undeserved.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE BIOLOGICAL PROBLEM OF TO-DAY.*

THE fact that some parts of living things are built up of little box-like pieces of extreme minuteness was discovered by Robert Hook, the secretary of the Royal Society of London, in 1660. Hook gave the name "cell" to these little boxes. It was not until more than a hundred and fifty years later, indeed, when the second quarter of the nineteenth century had advanced some years, that it became known through improvements in the microscope that the viscid substance within these "cells" was even more important than the cell-wall, and invariably contained a dense kernel or nucleus. Soon it became obvious that the substance of all plants and animals is made up of such minute cells more or less modified in shape, and that the viscid matter (protoplasm) can be recognized as a nucleated corpuscle even when the cell-envelope is absent or swollen up and altered in various ways. Thus, Theodore Schwann arrived at the generalization that all living things exhibit cell-structure, and further at his celebrated cell-theory, which is this: that all the activities of a living thing must be traced to chemical and physical activities which have their seat in the substance of the cells or nucleated corpuscles. By the fifties we had arrived at further generalizations—viz. that every cell is derived from a pre-existing cell by a process of fission, one cell dividing into two; and, further, that every living thing, plant or animal, can be traced to a single cell—the fertilized egg-cell of its parent—from which, by repeated "cell-divisions," accompanying increase of bulk, its various parts, organs, and tissues are slowly formed. The importance of cells as a kind of structural and functional unit of living creatures was thus fully established, and more and more attention has been given year by year to the minutest details of their structure, and to determining (what is indeed a most difficult task) the chemical processes which go on in them, and the exact chemical and physical condition of the protoplasm and nucleus in all the varied kinds and forms under which they present themselves. Schwann himself in his old age told the present writer that for thirty years (from 1838 to 1868) he had occupied himself chiefly in endeavouring to discover, with the latest improvements of the microscope, a visible corpuscular structure in cell-substances which would hold, as it were, the same relation to the cell as the cell units do to tissues and organs. But such a structure he had failed to render visible. Nevertheless physiologists have been compelled to assume theoretically the existence of units of structure within the cell-substance, which, even though invisible, must be supposed to exist, in order to account for the marvellous properties of cells. A vast literature, comprising solid and irrefragable observations of structural fact and a variety of most ingenious theoretical superstructure, has accumulated in reference to the cell and cell-substance during the past thirty years. Amongst the most striking results arrived at are those which relate to the structure of the nucleus of cells and to the part played by the nucleus in that union of the germ-cell and sperm-cell which in all animals and plants is the ultimate fact of what is called "sexual reproduction."

* "The Biological Problem of To-day." By Oscar Hertwig, Director of the Anatomical Institute of Berlin. Authorized Translation by P. Chalmers Mitchell. London: Heinemann. 1896.

The nucleus has been shown to consist of a viscid transparent substance, in which is embedded a curious complex of threads. These threads contain, or consist chiefly of, a substance which stains strongly when organic dye-stuffs (such as carmine and aniline) are allowed to soak into the tissues, and hence they are spoken of as chromatin or chromatin filaments. When a cell is growing in bulk and about to divide into two, the chromatin filaments arrange themselves in the form of a star, the rays or spokes of which are double, being joined V-wise at the centre: then each V splits longitudinally into two thinner V's, and so two stars are formed where before there was one. One star now moves away from the other and each becomes the nuclear centre of a new cell, the process being completed by the exact binary fission of the cell-substance. The process is such that an exactly equal amount of the original chromatin substance derived from all parts of the original complex of threads is given to each of the new cells. The number of the V-shaped star-rays in a cell can be counted, and is found to be constant in any given species of animal or plant, and constant even in all the members of large natural groups. Further, it has been found that this nuclear matter has a very great and special importance in the life of a cell; for in some relatively large unicellular (but microscopic) animals it has been possible to cut an individual into two pieces so that one piece has none of the nucleus and the other piece has all the nucleus. When this is done the piece without nucleus lives for days but cannot grow, whereas the piece with nucleus lives, grows, and ultimately reproduces itself. If the cell is so cut that a fair piece of nucleus is left in each of the two segments, then each of them lives, grows, and carries on its life. A still more striking fact is that in higher animals and plants during the union of the egg-cell and sperm-cell which constitutes "fertilization," it is found that the nuclear matter is all-important. In fact there is the same number of chromatin filaments brought by each of the two combining cells (the precise complement of what occurs in cell-division), so that the chromatin threads of the fertilized cell consist of a mixture of male and female chromatin threads exactly in equal proportions. By subsequent division during the growth and multiplication of the fertilized egg-cell to form the embryo, and ultimately the adult, each cell produced by division receives an exact moiety of the chromatin filaments traceable to the original fusion of male and female: hence each cell has an equal share of nuclear material traceable to male and to female parent. Since we know from the experiments above cited as to the cutting of Protozoa that the nuclear matter has a supreme importance in controlling, and even determining, the growth and development of the cell, we are justified in concluding that the chief means of handing on parental qualities from one generation to another is to be found in the equal portions of male and female parental nuclear chromatin with which the young fertilized egg-cell is endowed at the very inception of its life.

Necessarily the effort has been made to bring all the marvellous facts of hereditary transmission of parental qualities into relation with this solid basis of fact concerning the actual process of reproduction. The facts ascertained as to heredity are very numerous and strangely ordered. Qualities which we have reason to regard as congenital in parents are, with more or less but not absolute regularity, inherited by offspring, whether such qualities occur in one or both of the parents. On the other hand, qualities acquired by either parent in consequence of the reaction of special and new features in their environment upon their growing bodies, seem not to be transmitted to offspring, though there are some naturalists who think they are so, more or less frequently. Weismann of Freiburg has, more than any other naturalist, made the endeavour to frame a theory of heredity which shall explain—that is to say, furnish to our minds a satisfactory mechanical picture of—the processes which go on in the living cells in consequence of which some qualities of one, some of the other parent, are mixed in and inherited by the offspring. He also seeks to explain how it is that the offspring may exhibit qualities belonging to the

ancestors of either parent, but not visible in them; or, again, new qualities, new combinations as it were, which are neither what were exhibited by either parent nor by their ancestors. The problem in hand is so complex that Weismann has had to postulate the existence of three kinds of units or entities within the cell-substance—viz. (1) *ids* or *idants*, which are built up of (2) *determinants*, whilst these again consist of groups of (3) *biophors*. The mechanism which Weismann calls into existence is a very complex one. If it be admitted as legitimate—that is to say, if facts cannot be adduced which are inconsistent with the assumption of such an elaborate mechanism—then it should be accepted as a working hypothesis of the structure of living matter. It is impossible to present either Weismann's theory of the germ-plasm or the arguments for and against the legitimacy of his assumptions in the space now at our disposal. But we have indicated the nature of the inquiries which bear upon this deeply interesting problem. The reader who would desire to grapple with these ultimate problems of latter-day biology should master first of all such a work as Oscar Hertwig's "The Cell"—already translated and published in the English language—and then should study Weismann's book (also translated into English) entitled "The Germ Plasm." Without, perhaps, having fully mastered Weismann's arguments and conceptions, he will be in a position to understand the admirable little treatise by Dr. Oscar Hertwig, to which it is the purpose of this article to direct attention. Dr. Oscar Hertwig—who is Professor in the University of Berlin—opposes Weismann's theoretical conceptions. Weismann's elaborate corpuscular theory of unit within unit leads ultimately to what has been known to naturalists ever since the middle of last century as the doctrine of "præformation" (in regard to the growth of living things from their germs or egg-cells), as opposed to the doctrine of "epigenesis." Hertwig's book is devoted to an exposition of these two views and to the development of his own theory, which is what is called "epigenetic."

The old "præformationists" of the last century—before the microscope had revealed cell-structure, or knowledge had reached the intricacies of the structure of the germ and the process of fertilization—held that the germ or fertilized egg of an animal, although to all appearance very simple in structure, yet contained the adult organism in every detail complete, but of minute size. Since the adult contains the germs of the next generation, it was held that these germs were present, but of proportionately minute size, in the germ of that adult; and, logically, it was maintained that these germs contained other germs all complete but proportionately minute, and so on, not *ad infinitum*, but so far as the divisibility of matter would permit.

Naturally there was a revulsion from this astonishing though logical view, and the doctrine of a gradual condensation and building of the embryo (epigenesis) from a homogeneous germ under the influence of what was called the *vis formativa* took its place. Twenty years ago every embryologist would have said that there was no longer any question of "præformation," and that the doctrine of "epigenesis" was established. The simplest attempts, however, to express the facts of hereditary transmission of qualities in terms of physical science have led to a revival of the præformationist doctrine in a modified form.

Weismann does not hold that there are complete germs within germs, and so on *ad infinitum*; but that, in place of the completed incredibly minute *homunculi* of earlier theories, there are trains and groupings of molecules, *ids* and *determinants* which, though capable of definite and considerable rearrangements and perturbations, yet give an inexorable and predetermined scheme for the growth by cell-division and cell-marshalling of each living thing. He endeavours to associate these all-important factors with the nuclear chromatin filaments, and to explain the progressive modification of form which Darwin has taught all biologists to recognize as the course of the history of life on this planet as due to mixtures and division of these elements. Such mixing and dividing is provided for and actually occurs in the process of fertilization, when the new nucleus of a future organism is formed

by the admixture of equal portions of chromatin substance derived from two distinct parents.

Hertwig examines Weismann's arguments and the facts on which they are based. He rejects Weismann's theoretical conceptions, and puts forward a view which is more nearly that held by the average body of physiologists and investigators of cell-life—namely, that there is not present in the fertilized egg-cell or in the unfertilized sperm and germ-cell which form it, such an elaborate mechanism as that imagined by Weismann, but a mechanism which, though elaborate enough to task our utmost powers of imaginative reconstruction, yet depends for the exhibition of its quality upon the reaction of surrounding conditions, and even upon the reactions and interactions of the products of its own growth and fissiparous reproduction. Thus while Weismann would hold that in a germ of thirty-two cells formed by binary fission (two, four, eight, sixteen, &c.) certain cells contain definite molecular groups or units which are destined to form the gut, whilst other cells contain units destined to form the nervous system, Hertwig holds that at such an early stage there is no existence of the separate units, and that according to their position and the action of external forces upon them, either this lot of cells or the other may become either gut or nerve. The questions involved are highly technical: the conclusions arrived at are highly speculative:—whether we incline more to Weismann or to Hertwig. Even to give an indication of the conflicting theories is impossible except in the form of a lengthy treatise. At the same time Professor Oscar Hertwig's essay will be found extremely clear and interesting by all who have mastered the terms of the discussion. Mr. Chalmers Mitchell has made an admirable translation from the original German, so that the views of the German biologist are placed before the reader in the most persuasive form. The subject is one which, though of extreme importance and interest, has not yet been threshed out by the scientific experts into a form fit for popular treatment. It is, indeed, one of the great biological problems of to-day, if it be not—as the title of Dr. Hertwig's book suggests—the problem before all others. In the numerous Universities of Germany there is a considerable number of investigators who are making the most laborious and minute experiments with the object of gaining further knowledge which will tend to the solution of the great problem of heredity and cell-structure. In the United States many most valuable investigations have been published bearing in the same direction. It does not appear from Dr. Hertwig's book that the Universities of Britain have contributed of late years to the serious study of these questions, but probably the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, could show that at any rate his College has done all that can be expected of so wealthy a foundation by offering to competition among undergraduates a junior prize to be awarded after an examination in the elements of the subject.

E. RAY LANKESTER.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

CLEMENT SCOTT is gathered to his proprietors. In the full pride of his manhood and unabated genius, "a fellow of all eyes beholding," he has been taken from the spheres which he had long filled with almost hectic activity. Bare are the columns which erstwhile he was wreathing with highly-coloured words. The old racehorse has laid down his arms and sailed safely into port through the tears of Merry England. It seems almost impossible.

The news came with tragic suddenness last Monday morning. "As a proof of our confidence and of our belief in his ability and experience" (so runs the simple announcement), "we are pleased to state that we have made such arrangements as will henceforth preclude Mr. Scott from writing on theatrical matters in any other columns than those of the 'Daily Telegraph.'" We think we are guilty of no hyperbole in saying that this is indeed a national calamity. Clement Scott served innumerable editors, and in his services to them he delighted readers innumerable throughout the land. For years his anonymous writings, so personal and

picturesque, have tickled the public palate. In his pronunciamientos from the "Daily Telegraph" he was always sobered somewhat by responsibility. But, let loose in the backwoods of journalism, he was a Bacchanal indeed. Sometimes he signed his name, sometimes he did not. He was scarcely less splendid when he did. As a Hawk swooping from the empyrean, or as a swift Rocket sliding up it, so did Clement Scott draw the eyes of humorous England to his antics. And now that he has passed for ever behind the veil of Peterborough Court, we realize at length how great a man he was. There is none to take his place, none to imitate the touch of that vanished hand. Englishmen may well say, in paraphrase of Doctor Johnson's famous words: "We are disappointed at that stroke of business which has eclipsed the gaiety of green-rooms and impoverished the public stock of spicy paragraphs."

Here, in Southampton Street, the blow has fallen very heavily, as may be imagined. Clement Scott was, to all intents and purposes, one of us. He was not a contributor exactly. But when this paper was first started, he used frequently "to dine at the Trafalgar Hotel, Greenwich," with members of the staff. That is many years ago now; nor, until he stated it as a fact in one of the last (and one, we venture to think, of the finest) of his sporadic articles, had we been aware of it. Had we been so, we should certainly not have allowed any attack to be made on him, our comrade, in these columns. Let us not revive memories that are now doubly painful to us. Clement Scott had faults—what man has not? He had enemies—what man has friends only? And if we were once quick to find those faults and stand among those enemies, may we not withdraw our words now without incurring the contempt of consistent men? At such a time, surely the most bitter voice will be hushed. No enemies will pursue him now. An inscrutable decree has snatched him from their persistent anger. That secretly-prolific pen which so incensed them will lie henceforth comparatively idle.

There is not much balm for the bereavement. Yet we would remind our readers that, though they have lost much of Clement Scott, they have not lost everything. There will still, we doubt not, be non-theatrical articles from his pen scattered hither and thither, so many mementoes of the glory that was. Nor will his Poetry cease, we hope. What would Cromer do without her songster? Would Margate be Margate still? Without being too sanguine, we may assume that Clement Scott will slip, now and again, from the sanctuary of Abraham's bosom and splash a tear or two upon the Jetty.

THE PROSPECTS OF FOXHUNTING.

NEXT week hounds and hunters formally open the campaign against that fleet and cunning beast of chase towards which for the last two hundred years their attention has been chiefly directed. There have been many lamentations in recent years over the departing glories of foxhunting, and, indeed, it may be admitted that, what with the ruin of farmers, the rapid spread of barbed wire, the increase of fields, and the selfishness of pheasant preservers, foxhunting has to contend with far more enemies than of old, and has been shorn of something of its ancient freedom, wildness, and pleasure. Yet a perusal of the list of packs of hounds hunting fox, hare, and stag in Great Britain and Ireland during the present season is amply sufficient to refute the theory that hunting in these islands is in extremity. In England alone there are now no less than 18 packs of staghounds, 158 packs of foxhounds, and 119 of harriers. Scotland, which has nothing like the area of England or Ireland capable of being properly hunted, supports ten packs of foxhounds and two of harriers; while Ireland maintains seven packs of staghounds, twenty-one of foxhounds, and twenty-seven of harriers. In addition to these, forty-six packs of beagles (including four basset hound packs), mostly hunted on foot, are to be found in various parts of the United Kingdom. Here, then, in the closing years of this century of progress, manufacture and invention are to be found no less than 411

packs of hounds busily engaged in that ancient form of sport in which the inhabitants of these islands have for so long delighted. The instinct of hunting is implanted very deeply in the nature of man; few Britons are without some trace of it; and it is abundantly clear that, despite the growing population of the country and the modern hindrances to sport, hunting is not likely to be abandoned yet awhile.

The chase in these islands seems, from the earliest periods of which we have any record, to have been a passion. Dio Nicæus has recorded that the inhabitants of Britain were a fierce and barbarous people, who tilled no soil, but lived by plunder or by the food they procured in hunting. In Strabo's time hounds bred in Britain were famed for their hunting qualities. Most of our kings, from the Saxons to George III., have delighted in the chase; even the mild and monk-like Edward the Confessor took the greatest delight, as William of Malmesbury tells us, "to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of game, and to cheer them with his voice." The Norman kings enacted laws of the most savage nature for the protection of their game. Edward III. had with him in his French campaigns sixty couple of staghounds and as many harehounds; even the most unpopular of all our monarchs—King John—was devoted to horses and hounds. As the boar and the wild stag died out of the country, hunters began perforce to turn their attention to the hare and the fox, which anciently occupied a much inferior place in the system of venery. It is probable that foxhunting proper, which is really but a product of the last two hundred years, reached its zenith in the middle of this century. At that period agricultural depression was undreamed of; tenant farmers could freely indulge in the sport which now, unhappily, is from lack of means too often denied to them; the squires prospered exceedingly; except in a few fashionable hunts, the crowds of townsmen and strangers who now descend upon every accessible hunting country, were unknown. Since 1875 hunting has been slowly passing through times of depression, changes, and trials which have, it is true, shorn the sport of a good deal of its pristine pleasure, but which, nevertheless, have, as the new table of hunts easily demonstrates, been powerless to destroy the pastime altogether.

Yet it is not to be denied that very serious dangers threaten modern sport. It depends entirely upon the good sense and generosity of those mainly interested whether hunting is or is not to flourish and hold its own. Barbed wire, for instance, which has only sprung into existence since the period of agricultural depression, may be looked upon as a silent, if extremely awkward, protest on behalf of the long-suffering tenant farmer. As a general rule it may be said that the average farmer would not put up barbed wire fencing if he could afford to erect a fence less objectionable to the hunting man. For many decades the tenant farmer has generously provided the free use of his land for all who chose to follow hounds. His crops might be galloped over, his fences damaged, his sheep disturbed, yet he was very seldom heard to murmur. Is it too much to expect, now that the farmer as a class can no longer afford to enjoy the chase in which he formerly revelled, that rich men who wish to hunt over his land should be ready to pay a trifle towards the removal of barbed wire at the beginning of each season, and, where needed, the erection of a substitute in its place? In some instances, where the poorer tenants may require it, hunting rents of from 6d. to 1s. per acre may have to be paid from the hunt funds. These hunting rents have been spoken of at farmers' meetings during the last year or two, and it seems likely that in future we shall hear more of them. It is not probable, however, so long as the present race of tenant farmers can make ends meet at all, that such a system will become general. A fund for the payment of damages to poultry is now a recognized part of the current expenses of all hunts. It is not to be expected that the amount of compensation required to be paid under this head is likely to diminish.

It ought not to be forgotten, when hunting men raise their voices against the increasing cost of their favourite pastime, that up to the present time the average

subscriber to a hunt, who keeps a string of horses and follows hounds from two to five days in each week, has hitherto paid, in comparison with the cost of other sports in which he indulges, very little for his pleasure. He subscribes, let us say, from £25 to £50 to the support of a pack of hounds, and, until very recent years, he has been accustomed to regard his outlay for the sport which he enjoys probably more than any other in the world as properly ending with that subscription. The more generous may have further subscribed to some few trifling funds, and—a few of them—to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society. It is not to be denied that the well-to-do hunting man has hitherto contributed extremely little for his pleasure. He has had, thanks to the good nature of the squire and the farmer, the privilege of galloping during six days in the week over the finest country in the world for practically nothing at all. The great part of the outlay over which he grumbles—the cost of his horses, saddlery, servants, corn bills, boots, and equipments—has been a purely selfish one spent upon himself. Yet this same individual will pay ungrudgingly hundreds—sometimes even thousands—of pounds for other sporting rights: for a pheasant shoot, or a grouse moor, a salmon river, or a deer forest. It is a fact that there are still large numbers of people in this country who contribute not a farthing, beyond the purely selfish expenses of their own outfit, toward the sport of fox-hunting. In the very nature of things this cannot be much longer tolerated, and well-to-do people who wish to hunt will have to contribute far more handsomely than they have hitherto done. It cannot be doubted by any reasonable being acquainted with the state of rural districts that, in the not very distant future, hunting will only be accessible to the landowners and farmers, a certain number of their personal friends, and persons prepared to subscribe handsomely to the general cost of hunting. As soon as farmers begin to understand that they are not to be actually out of pocket by the sport of hunting, but on the contrary will be slight gainers, we shall hear much less of wire, trespass, and other troubles. Reforms of the nature here briefly indicated are now silently in progress. They are demanded only by the cruel necessities of the agriculturist and grazier and by the striking changes in rural life which the last quarter of a century has witnessed.

One other danger to foxhunting may be mentioned. Only last week Mr. Albert Gilbey, Master of the Old Berkeley (West) Hounds, in a letter to the "Field," stated very plainly the inroads made upon foxhunting by the preserver of pheasants. Pheasant preservers now demand in many cases that their coverts and woodlands shall not be disturbed by foxhounds until the middle of December, and even later. Mr. Gilbey predicts that many provincial packs will, if these selfish tactics are persisted in, be not long hence driven from the field. Pheasant-shooting in its modern form has tended more and more to become a purely selfish form of pastime, accessible only to the very rich, who care little or nothing for the other field sports of the countryside. Public opinion may be counted upon to take the side of foxhunting *versus* pheasant-shooting, and public opinion cannot be despised even by pheasant preservers. The foxhunting interest may, we think, be trusted to find a remedy even for this evil. As a bold, manly and most bracing pastime, foxhunting, in these days of ease and luxury, is incomparably superior to pheasant-shooting, and for that reason it will be always more popular with the great bulk of the people of this country.

MORE CONCERTS.

IS Richter overworking? Though his concert of Monday was far more stimulating than that of the week preceding, yet it too was tame and oppressive compared with the Richter concert of the old days; and some explanation of this seems to be afforded by the list, given at the end of the programme, of the places where Richter has played during the past week. Commencing on 19 October in London, the next day took him to Leeds, and since then he has played on successive days (Sundays and one other day excepted) at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Brighton, London, Oxford,

Birmingham, Nottingham, and Manchester. To-night he plays at Liverpool and on Monday he will be back in London to play a gigantic programme which includes the Ninth symphony. No merely mortal conductor of Richter's years can tear himself to tatters in this fashion for many weeks in succession and remain quite the same man that he was at the commencement. In Germany they attribute the late falling off in Richter to his habit of trying to do ten times as much as an ordinary man can do; and though even in his fallen-off state he is an infinitely finer player than any other conductor save the greatest living, Mottl, and is well able to do a great deal more work than the ordinary man, yet I cannot resist the thought that something of his old breadth, force and mellowness might return if only he would try to do less. Life is too short to be hurried as he hurries it; and he may take my word for it he would save time in the end besides doing more satisfactory work while he is busy if he would take three weeks instead of one for each set of six concerts. He gave us some fine playing on Monday, notably in the third movement of Tschaikowsky's sixth symphony—the end of which came off with surprising heroic dignity and power—but in Wagner's "Faust" overture, the other movements of the Tschaikowsky, and even the familiar Ride of the Valkyries, there was a curious woodenness, a lack of spontaneity, an irritating sense of tiresome effort, as though Richter was goading the music along like a stubborn animal, and would be glad to get to bed as soon as the task was over. So far as the Tschaikowsky is concerned, this may not have been entirely due to a want of freely flowing energy. Richter Germanized it sadly, treating the Russian's most audacious pictorial splashes of colour and all his light and delicate filigree work with a terribly conscientious and laborious German touch—a touch hinting at hours devoted to analysis and lager beer. The second theme will not bear playing at that slow pace: there is not enough in it; while to put the next portion (the *Moderato mosso*) under "a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power," so that every strand in the contrapuntal rope shows with painful distinctness, simply reveals weaknesses one never guesses at when it receives the more dashing, sparkling, touch-and-go treatment affected by Mr. Manns. In a word, I infinitely prefer Manns in this kind of music, even when Richter is at his best. The comparative failure of the "Faust" overture, however, was due to no such cause, but entirely, I believe, to Richter being tired. That curiously expressive footnote commentary on the Ninth symphony will stand as strong German treatment as the devoutest and most German German living could desire, provided only that the player has sufficient strength to carry on without stumbling or the slightest break in the grand sweep of the music, and possesses a large enough amount of stored emotional power to enable him to charge every passage, as, so to speak, it leaves his bâton, with pungent excess of meaning. That strength, that emotional reserve, Richter used to have in the old days, and has now when he is at his best, but on Monday he showed no sign of either. The overture dragged wearily along to an ineffective finish, only once or twice waking up to delude one into momentarily believing that presently it would commence to march with its native irresistible strength. The Valkyrie Ride was just as heavy, and Richter seemed to be trying to compensate for the want of real force and vigour by driving it faster and faster—with disastrous results, for unless your brass are allowed plenty of time to speak their clangorous splendour has a trick of drying up into a husky thread of colourless tone with quite amazing readiness. As for Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," it sounded very pretty—almost like an *Æolian harp*, in fact—in the foyer.

What convinced me that Richter was too tired to treat himself fairly in the other parts of the programme was that in Dvorák's new symphonic poem, "Das goldene Spinnrad," where of course he was on his mettle, the playing was buoyant and virile as ever I have known it. The symphonic poem is neither a poem nor symphonic and is indeed as excrescent a composition as Dvorák's warmest admirer could wish. The subject is a disagreeable and quite unromantic child's fairy-story—involving the description of a maiden having

her hands and feet cut off—altogether unsuited for a musical setting of any sort, especially a symphonic setting. With the best will in the world I found it impossible to follow. Usually I can apply my modest intelligence with satisfactory results to the language of Mozart or Beethoven, Weber or Wagner; but for all I get out of it, Dvorák's language might as well be no language at all. It was easy to understand the entry of the king—"along the side of the forest rides the king on his gallant steed"—for he had a horn theme, and kings, or other people, riding on their gallant steeds always have horn themes. And the charming little melody meant to represent the maiden with whom the king falls in love is also clear, though not very original, for after commencing like some of the Venus music, in the "Tannhäuser" overture—it is even played on a solo violin—Dvorák artfully turns it off into something reminiscent of a "Lohengrin" phrase. But the rest is not so easy to understand: in fact I suffered a cruel shock at the end, when passages which had seemed to me to depict the amputation of the lady's wrists with such exactness that I could have pointed to the places where the knife was laid on, turned out to be her wedding march and the ringing of her marriage bells. This was entirely my own stupidity, no doubt. It only remains to be said that Richter played the piece with extraordinary delicacy where delicacy was wanted, and fire where fire was wanted. But it seems a pity that Mr. Simrock, who ingeniously forgot to send the parts in time for the first concert, should have remembered them in time for the second. These symphonic poems will ruin the very ghost of Dvorák's reputation. Unless he takes care, some one will make him principal of a London music-school.

Hugely as I admire Sarasate, and filled with respect as I am for Joachim, yet I am beginning to find myself a victim to a passion of admiring respect or respectful admiration for Ysaye that surpasses anything I can get up for the other two together. He has all Joachim's breadth with Sarasate's delicious liquid tone; he has Sarasate's daintiness, fancy and finish with Joachim's insight, reverence and fervour. Perhaps this may be to exaggerate a little, but exaggeration may be forgiven any one who listened to Ysaye on Tuesday afternoon, when he played Schumann's D minor Sonata and Beethoven's Kreutzer. I suppose most people have heard Sarasate play the Kreutzer and have heard Joachim play it, and many may remember the abominable ugliness of those opening chords according to Joachim and the exasperating flippancy of the divinely tender theme for variations according to Sarasate. Those who were present at this last concert had an opportunity of hearing the sonata played, for the first time, so far as I know, with richness and smoothness in the introduction and genuine feeling in the andante, not to mention a degree of fire and a sparkling vivacity in the finale that are Ysaye's alone among living violinists. The first movement of the Schumann is the abomination of desolation—it might almost have come from the dull persistent pen of Dr. —— himself; but the other movements, the scherzo, slow movement, and passionate finale are almost—never quite—tip-top stuff; and Ysaye played them so as to make one think they were really quite tip-top stuff. He has the wonderful gift of clear fire: in his divine rage he neither burns to ashes what he plays nor smokes his listeners out of the hall. After him even the incomparable Sarasate appears (for a little while) hardly more than prettily lady-like and Joachim only pretentiously ponderous; while the smaller fiddlers are not to be thought of at all. Ysaye is at a disadvantage in being associated with a young gentleman named Mr. Delafosse, who has a good deal about music yet to learn and everything about playing the piano.

Mr. Michael Balling, a very distinguished German viola player and a conductor with a future, was good enough to invite me to the small Queen's Hall on Wednesday afternoon to hear the improved viola invented by Ritter and by him called the viola-alta. It is of course well enough known—which is to say, no one at all knows—that the ordinary viola is a very unsatisfactory weapon of offence, and if the great composers

have often got fine effects out of it, as Wagner does in the first act of "Tristan," where for a whole scene violas take the place of the violins, it is only because great composers are invariably so constituted as to be unable to get anything save fine effects out of any instrument they take up, even be it the bones. The ordinary viola is thin, nasal, penetrating in its upper notes, which is right, but hollow, consumptive, sepulchral, in its lower register, which is wrong. In the days when I used to play the viola worse than any one in London and my friends respected me as a person who even did a thing badly with admirable thoroughness, I used to revel in that ghastly C string and make my own flesh and the flesh of every one else on the premises creep with the tones I drew from it; but it must be admitted that in a quartet or symphony it is not very amusing when the music suddenly empties itself of all its body and seems to have no inside merely because the violas have dived down to their fourth string, or when, to compensate for that emptiness, one hears the composer dragging down the second violins, or driving up part of the 'cellos, from their proper sphere of activity. The Ritter viola will obviate these things, though very careful precautions must be taken if the instrument comes into general use for playing parts intended by the writers for the old viola. The viola-alta is nasal enough in all conscience up above, but it has immense body on the C and G strings, and even if that body is a trifle rasping, as it certainly was in the case of the instrument played by Mr. Balling, for Wagner's music at any rate a little of it would be a great improvement. The instrument has never been used in England, but it appears that we proud people who have done and been done by Bayreuth have listened to it many a time and oft, in the words of Mr. Arditi's song, without being any wiser. The principal difficulty in the way of a proper appreciation of it on Wednesday was that Mr. Balling played only solos, and most viola solos would sound better upon any other instrument than the viola. There were parts of the Rubinstein sonata, for instance, which sounded, and could only sound, like the scuffling of a couple of wild animals. Of course it would be preposterous to ask Mr. Balling to sit down and play the entire viola part of "Tristan" or "Parsifal" to the piano accompaniment of Mr. Carl Weber, but would it be out of the question for Mr. Large (who I understand is "running" the viola-alta) to let us hear how it sounds in a trio and quartet? The solemnity of the proceedings was lightened by the pleasant singing of Miss Large, to an accompaniment, however, of a gentleman who shall be nameless, that would have rendered the finest singing in the world ineffective.

J. F. R.

ON DEADHEADS AND OTHER MATTERS.

- "Love in Idleness." An original comedy in three acts. By Louis N. Parker and Edward J. Goodman. Terry's Theatre, 21 October, 1896.
- "His Little Dodge." A comedy in three acts. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. From "Le Système Ribadier," by MM. Georges Feydeau and Maurice Hennequin. Royalty Theatre, 24 October, 1896.
- "The Storm." A play in one act and two tableaux. By Ian Robertson. Royalty Theatre, 24 October, 1896.

WHY must a farcical comedy always break down in the third act? One way of answering is to question the fact, citing "Pink Dominos" as an example of a three-act farcical comedy in which the third act was the best of the three. But what "Pink Dominos" really proved was that three acts of farce is too much for human endurance, no matter how brilliantly it may be kept going to the end. The public is apt to believe that it cannot have too much of a good thing. I remember stealing about four dozen apples from the orchard of a relative when I was a small boy, and retiring to a loft with a confederate to eat them. But when I had eaten eighteen I found, though I was still in robust health, that it was better fun to pelt the hens with the remaining apples than to continue the

banquet. Many grown persons have made cognate miscalculations. I have known a man, during the craze for "Nancy Lee," engage a street piano to play it continuously for two hours. I have known another bribe a hairdresser to brush his hair by machinery for an unlimited period. Both these voluptuaries, of course, discovered that the art of torture is the art of prolonging, not agony, but ecstasy. If we were to represent theatrical sensation by graphic curves in the manner of Jevons, we should find that the more acute the sensation, the more rapidly does its curve of enjoyment descend and dive into the negative. This is specially true of the enjoyment to be derived from farcical comedy. It is an unsympathetic enjoyment, and therefore an abuse of nature. The very dullest drama in five acts that ever attained for half a moment to some stir of feeling, leaves the spectator, however it may have bored him, happier and fresher than three acts of farcical comedy at which he has been worried into laughing incessantly with an empty heart. Mind, I am not moralizing about farcical comedy: I am simply giving the observed physical facts concerning it. In this clinical spirit I have over and over again warned the dramatist and the manager not to dwell too long on galvanic substitutes for genuine vivacity. When the vogue of farcical comedy was at its utmost, Mr. Gilbert applied its galvanic methods to public life and fashion instead of merely to clandestine sprees and adulterous intrigues. But he tried it cautiously in one act at first, and never ventured on more than two, with lavish allurements of song, dance, and spectacle to give it life and colour, in spite of which the two acts always proved quite enough. The fact is, the end of the second act is the point at which the spectators usually realize that the friendly interest in the persons of the drama which sustained them, and gave generosity and humanity to their merriment during the earlier scenes, is entirely undeserved, and that the pretty husband and handsome wife are the merest marionettes with witty dialogue stuck into their mouths. The worst thing that can happen in a play is that the people with whom the audience makes friends at first should disappoint it afterwards. Mr. Gilbert carried this disappointment further: he would put forward a paradox which at first promised to be one of those humane truths which so many modern men of fine spiritual insight, from William Blake onward, have worded so as to flash out their contradiction of some weighty rule of our systematized morality, and would then let it slip through his fingers, leaving nothing but a mechanical topsy-turvtude. Farcical comedy combines the two disappointments. Its philosophy is as much a sham as its humanity.

"His Little Dodge" is no exception to the two-act rule. At the outset Miss Ellis Jeffreys, suddenly developing a delightful talent for comedy, succeeds in winning all possible charm of expectation and indulgent interest for Lady Miranda. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, by a piece of acting so masterly in its combination of irresistibly comic effect with complete matter-of-courseness (there is not the faintest touch of grotesque in his dress, face, voice, or gesture from one end of the piece to the other) that I have seen nothing so artistic of its kind since Jefferson was here, filled us with the liveliest curiosity about the Honourable Mandeville Hobb. Mr. Fred Terry, as Sir Hercules, was genial enough to engage our good will; and Mr. Maltby, with his comic conviction, and his unfailing appreciation of the right dramatic point of his part, made himself more than welcome. For a moment we were cheated into believing that we had met some real and likeable people; and nobody could deny that the play was outrageously funny. But our disenchantment was all the more irritating. The moment it became apparent that all these interesting and promising people were only puppets in a piece of farcical clockwork, the old disappointment, the old worry, the old rather peevish impatience with the remaining turns of the mechanism set in. A genuine dramatic development, founded on our interest in Lady Miranda as suggested to us by Miss Jeffreys in the first act, would have been followed with the most expectant attention; but hope changed to weary disgust when her husband picked up a waistcoat strap, and

accused her of an intrigue with the gardener, whose waistcoat was deficient in that particular.

In "Love in Idleness" there is no such mistake as this. Mr. Parker knows only too well the value of an affectionate relation between the audience and the persons of the drama. Mortimer Pendlebury, the hero, is a lovable nincompoop, who muddles the affairs of all his friends, but so endears himself to Providence by his goodheartedness that they muddle themselves right again in the most cheerful way imaginable, and unite him to his long lost love, a nice old lady in lavender, impersonated by Miss Bella Pateman. Mr. Edward Terry, in a popular and not particularly trying part, hits the character exactly, and plays not only with comic force, but with tact and delicacy. But the acting success of the play is Mr. de Lange's fire-eating French Colonel, a perfectly original, absolutely convincing, and extremely funny version of a part which, in any other hands, would have come out the most hackneyed stuff in the world. It is not often that two such impersonations as Pendlebury and Gondinot are to be seen at the same theatre; and if there is such a thing still surviving in London as an unprofessional connoisseur of acting, he will do well to see "Love in Idleness" for their sakes.

By the way, I forgot that "His Little Dodge" is preceded at the Royalty by a new piece called "The Storm," by Mr. Ian Robertson. It is like an adaptation of a sentimental Academy picture.

Mr. Alexander has been driven to take the Royalty as a chapel of ease to the St. James's by "The Prisoner of Zenda," which is now a permanent institution, like Madame Tussaud's. I saw it again the other night; and after "The Red Robe" I do not hesitate to pronounce it a perfectly delectable play. It has gained greatly in smoothness and charm since its first representation, except in the prologue, which is stagey and overplayed. Mr. Alexander as Rassendyl is as fresh as paint: so is Mr. Vernon as Sept. Mr. H. B. Irving now plays Hentzau, and enjoys himself immensely over it, after his manner. He is, perhaps, our ablest exponent of acting as an amusement for young gentlemen, as his father is our ablest exponent of acting as a fine art and serious profession. Miss Julia Neilson now plays Flavia, and is a little less the princess and more the actress than Miss Millard. Mr. Aubrey Smith, as the black Elphberg, suffices in place of Mr. Waring, who was wasted on it; but the new Mayor's wife is hardly as fascinating as Miss Olga Brandon. Miss Ellis Jeffreys has made so brilliant a success in comedy at the Royalty, thereby very happily confirming the opinion of her real strength which I ventured upon when Mr. Pinero miscast her in "Mrs. Ebbesmith," that she can afford to forgive me if I confess that her Antoinette de Mauban struck me as being the very worst piece of acting an artist of her ability could conceivably perpetrate.

I am afraid Mrs. Kendal's opinion of the Press will not be improved by the printing of a letter of hers which was obviously not intended for publication. However, the blunder has incidentally done a public service by making known Mrs. Kendal's very sensible opinion that critics should pay for their seats. Of course they should: the complimentary invitation system is pure, unmitigated, indefensible corruption and blackmail, and nothing else. But are we alone to blame in the matter? When the managers abolish fees they put in their programs a request that the public will not persist in offering them. Why then do they not only bribe me, but force me to accept the bribe? I must attend on the first night. If I try to book a stall as a member of the general public, I am told that there are none to be disposed of, all being reserved for invited guests, including the press. If I declare my identity, I am immediately accommodated, but not allowed to pay. From time to time we have virtuous announcements from beginners that they are going to do away with the system and pay for all their seats. That only proves that they are beginners, and are either making a virtue of necessity, or else are too inexperienced to know how the invitation system works. The public may take it that for the present it is practically compulsory. All that can be said for it is that it is at least an improve-

ment on the abominable old system of "orders," under which newspapers claimed and exercised the right to give orders of admission to the theatres to any one they pleased, the recipients being mostly tradesmen advertising in their papers. Nowadays, if an editor wants a free seat, he has to ask the manager for it; and some editors, I regret to say, still place themselves under heavy obligations to managers in this way. There are many papers just worth a ticket from the point of view of the experienced acting-manager if they deluge the house with constant and fulsome praise; and this is largely supplied by young men for no other consideration than the first night stall, the result being, of course, a mass of corrupt puffery for which the complimentary Press ticket is solely responsible. Need I add that the personal position of a critic under the system is by no means a satisfactory one? Under some managements he can always feel secure of his footing as at least the guest of a gentleman—though even that is a false position for him; but he cannot confine himself to theatres so managed. I remember on one occasion, at no less a place than the Royal Italian Opera, a certain State official, well known and respected as a scholarly musician and writer on music, pitched into the Opera in the columns of this journal. Some time afterwards he appeared at Covent Garden in the box of a critic of the first standing, representing a very eminent daily paper. Sir Augustus Harris promptly objected to his complimentary box being used to harbour audacious persons who found fault with him. Of course the eminent daily paper immediately bought its box and went over the eminent *impresario* like a steam-roller; but the incident shows how little a manager who is also a man of the world is disposed to admit the independence of the critic as long as he has to oblige him. It is easy to say that it is a "mutual convenience"; but, in fact, it is a mutual inconvenience. If the incident just narrated had occurred at an ordinary theatre, where the necessary sort of seat for a critic is not always to be obtained on a first night for money, instead of at the Opera, where seats can practically always be bought, the manager might have seriously inconvenienced the critic, especially as the paper was a daily one, by boycotting him.

Let me mention another more recent and equally significant incident. At a first night last week a popular young actor of juvenile parts, in a theatre which he has himself managed, went out between the acts into the hall, which was crowded with critics, and announced in a loud voice, with indignant earnestness, that he had just seen no less revolting a spectacle than the critic of a leading newspaper walking into "the stalls of a London theatre" not in evening dress. He added many passionate expressions of his disgust for the benefit of the company, at least half a dozen of whom, including myself, wore simply the dress in which statesmen address public meetings and gentlemen go to church. And yet I rather sympathized with his irritation. The theatrical deadhead gets his ticket on the implied condition that he "dresses the house." If he comes in morning dress, or allows the ladies who accompany him to look dowdy, he is struck off the free-list. To this actor-manager we critics were not his fellow-guests, but simply deadheads whose business it was to "dress the house" and write puffs. What else do we get our free tickets for? Frankly, I don't know. If a critic is an honest critic, he will write the same notice from a purchased seat as from a presented one. He is not free to stay away if he is not invited: a newspaper *must* notice a new play, just as much as it must notice an election. He keeps money out of the house by occupying a seat that would otherwise be sold to the public: therefore he costs the management half a guinea. As I have said, he cannot help himself; but that does not alter the fact, or make it less mischievous. Mrs. Kendal, who thinks we should pay for our tickets, is quite right; the impetuous ex-manager who thinks we should dress resplendently in return for our free tickets is quite right; and we are absolutely and defencelessly in the wrong.

As to the remedy, I shall deal with that another time.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

IN the "House" the tone continues to be rather gloomy, although no definite reason can be given for the lack of confidence which persistently depresses quotations in the Mining department. We believe, however, that very shortly a more cheerful tone will prevail; for the process of liquidation has now been practically completed, money is not likely to become dearer, the political outlook is becoming more settled, and everywhere trade is expanding.

Consols have improved to a slight extent, and other first-class stocks have advanced in sympathy. Prices are not likely, we think, to advance still further. Home Rails have moved upward, the so-called "Heavies" being especially in evidence—a fact which is mainly attributable to the narrowness of the market for these stocks. North-Eastern Consols, or "Berwicks," as they are termed, have been in the van of the movement. No fresh development of importance has taken place in the Southern issues, but Brighton "A" remain rather dull. The Scotch stocks, as we anticipated last week, have risen in price. Metropolitan Districts have declined, and will probably recede before long to a point more in accord with their very small intrinsic merits. Our advice to *bonâ fide* holders, viz. clear out while there is yet time, remains in force; but those who took early advantage of it have most grounds for congratulation. There has been a speculative spurt in Caledonian Deferred, which we recommended last week.

Italian Rentes, it may be noted, have improved, probably because it is thought that the country may break free from the Triple Alliance, which would mean restored friendship with France, the most important commercial relation of Italy, and also, in consequence, a reduction in the War Budget by which the country is being ground to pieces. Spanish Fours have been upheld, thanks to the over-sold state of the account, of which the French financiers in touch with Madrid have taken the utmost advantage. But the day of reckoning has to come, although it may be delayed. Spanish bonds remind us of Calverley's parroquet, "who'd look inimitable stuffed, and knows it; but he will not die." South American securities have had a firm market.

The "Yankee" railway market is distinctly "tricky" at present, nor is it at all easy to see how prices will jump in the near future. In the United States nearly all is still swayed by politics, for financial considerations do not for the moment exercise much influence. After displaying much strength quotations are now inclined to be somewhat easier, owing partly to a reaction in the wheat market, and to a belief that Mr. Bryan's prospects have improved. Our belief in the success of his opponent, Mr. McKinley, is unchanged; but, at the same time, this does not induce us to take an absolutely optimistic view of the situation. In speculative descriptions Louisvilles are probably best worth attention. The Company's position, as disclosed by the report, appears to be sound, and the traffic of the system promises to expand steadily. Denver Preferred are also worth attention. In Canadian railway securities there has been little doing, and the market has remained featureless. The President of the Canadian Pacific, Sir W. Van Horne, who has just returned to the East from his annual tour over the system, takes a favourable view of the Company's prospects. He is, perhaps, inclined to be unduly optimistic, as was exemplified some time ago, when 5 per cent. dividends were spoken of as if on the same footing as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

It is quite impossible to speak of the Mining market except in general terms. The chief feature has been the weakness of Rand Deep Level shares. Westralian shares, after some fluctuation, close with a firmer appearance. We look for better prices in this department. A number of new ventures are on the stocks, and some of them appear from what we hear to have good prospects. No special feature is to be noted elsewhere.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

LONDON WOOLLEN COMPANY, LIMITED.

The London Woollen Company, Limited, appears to be a sound Home industrial undertaking. The character of the business and the assets which the Company has been formed to acquire can best be discovered from a perusal of the prospectus; but we may point out that the reports appear to be satisfactory. Especially is it to be noted that the bad debts have been extremely small, and that the net profits are now upon a larger scale than ever before. The composition of the Board is good, the chairman designate being Mr. D. H. Evans, of D. H. Evans & Co., Limited, whose shares are not easily obtainable at a premium of 125 per cent.

SAVAGE'S ENGINEERING WORKS, LIMITED.

This Company is being brought out under good auspices. Here, too, we find a good Board and a satisfactory record of net profits, coupled with a very low ratio of bad debts. The profits, if maintained, and they have been for some time on the up grade, should provide a very substantial yield—8 per cent. or 10 per cent.—on the Ordinary shares.

THE BRITISII "PATTISON" HYGIENIC SADDLE COMPANY, LIMITED.

This Company asks the public for £100,000 for working capital. The directorate is good, the patent is vouched for by Mr. Fletcher Moulton, whose authority on such a matter is almost beyond dispute, and already the Company seems to be assured of a vast amount of support from the leading cycle companies, &c. Medical authorities speak highly of the saddle which the Company has been formed to exploit. The prospects of this undertaking are promising.

INSURANCES CORPORATION, LIMITED.

It is a foolish waste of power to break a butterfly on the wheel, and therefore we do not intend to pay much attention to the Insurances Corporation, Limited. There is absolutely nothing novel in the prospectus, not even its assurance, and we note that the members of the Board have nothing particular to do with insurances, or, so far as can be discerned, do they possess any special knowledge of this very intricate subject.

The Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of Page & Overton's Brewery, Limited, should find favour in the eyes of the investor. Messrs. Mason & Son, the well-known valuers, have made a report upon the value of the property, and the profits show a substantial balance over and above the Debenture and Preference interest. It is to be noted that for some time past the profits have been in the ascendent, and that the new capital now created is for the purpose of acquiring additional properties.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"DAILY NEWS" ECONOMICS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 29 October, 1896.

SIR,—It is not often that the "Daily News" fails to say the foolish thing. Of late it has been specially prolific, the occasion being the prevalent topic of German competition. Having distinguished itself in a number of peculiarly inept special articles, it breaks out this week into a leader on the same subject. In this outpouring of editorial wisdom, dishonesty struggles hard with imbecility for prominence. It professes to give a bird's-eye view of "Comparative Trade Statistics," Sir Robert Giffen's latest essay in optimism. Quoting one or two general figures, the "Daily News" tries to show that there has been no marked increase in German imports to this country, or decrease in English exports to Germany, within the last twenty years. Had the "Daily News" given its readers a fair *résumé* of this Blue Book, it would have pointed out that England's exports (to the world market in general, and not merely to Germany) had fallen off very considerably in respect

of most manufactures, and that the total export figures had only been maintained at something like a level by huge increases in our exports of coal and other raw materials; exports which imply a permanent drain on the country's wealth-store, and which are paid for by foreign food-stuffs and manufactures, perennial in their nature; exports also which went to the manufacture of foreign goods, whose presence in the market ousted English wares. It might likewise have pointed out that whereas the consumption of raw cotton in Great Britain only grew from 1,228.6 million lbs. in the period 1871-75 to 1,579.4 million lbs. in the period 1891-95, the consumption on the Continent of Europe grew from 856.6 million lbs. to 1,906 million lbs. in the same periods, and in the United States from 524.7 to 1,261.4 million lbs. Again, it might have pointed out that the average annual quantity of pig-iron produced per head of population in the United Kingdom was 0.20 ton in the period 1870-74 and 0.19 ton in the period 1890-94, while in the same periods the production per head in Germany rose from 0.04 to 0.10 ton. Truly the "Daily News" has not improved its reputation for either perspicacity or honest controversy in its prolonged attempts to discredit the author of "Made in Germany."—Yours truly,

FAIRPLAY.

BEETROOT AND BOUNTIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 29 October, 1896.

SIR,—As you have paid me the compliment of publishing two letters on the above subject, it goes without saying that I have read with very great interest your leading article in your issue of 17 October, entitled "Beetroot, Bounties, and the British Farmer." In view of the fact that the United Kingdom does not produce a single ounce of sugar, it is clear that many years must elapse before the Mother Country can grow sufficient to meet her own requirements.

Your proposal that the United Kingdom should grow its own beetroot sugar, which means that an import duty must be levied on all foreign beetroot sugar, is in no way opposed to my suggestion in your issue of 26 September.

I notice that Mr. Arthur M. Lee has raised the question whether 2,000,000 acres of land suitable for growing beet could be found in the United Kingdom; but it may be doubted whether even this large area would be sufficient, for I see that last year the total amount of refined and unrefined beet sugar imported into the United Kingdom was 23,301,227 cwt. If the quantity of sugar per acre obtained in Germany be taken as a criterion of what we should get in England—viz., 27 cwt. per acre—we should require on a four-year rotation no less than over 3,000,000 acres. It therefore follows that the cane sugar growers in our Colonies should in no way view with alarm your proposal to tax foreign beetroot sugar; for as the amount of cane sugar imported from our possessions in 1895 was only 9 per cent. of the total amount of sugars imported, it is perfectly evident that, if your proposal can be carried out, both the Mother Country and her Colonies would be enormously benefited.—Yours faithfully,

DU ROY JE LE TIENS.

GERMANY'S TREACHERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

RUGBY, 29 October, 1896.

SIR,—I have read with interest your article on the Navy. It is sorely needed. I am one of those whose faith in the Government was much shaken by Mr. Goschen's half-measures; and if the same thing is repeated, I shall give my vote and work with all my power for any person at the next election who will pledge himself to support a strong naval policy. But we have yet four months, and something may be done. Why cannot the Navy League organize meetings in the provinces? It seems clear that Mr. Goschen is not now prepared to give us a proper navy; but with pressure he may be induced to give it.

You say that even a small increase to the power of

France and Russia would turn the scale against us. Now, we can hardly doubt that if we were embroiled with these two Powers we should have Germany on our flank. Personally I have for years been convinced of the essential treachery of modern German methods—it has been made clear to all by her actions during the last twelvemonth; and if any evidence were needed to confirm it, Prince Bismarck's "revelations" give that evidence. In fact, Germany will sell herself for a price; and that price she hopes to get out of our pocket.

Yours faithfully, W. H. D. ROUSE.

THE CELTIC CHURCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

ABERDEEN, 6 October, 1896.

SIR,—It is more than unkind to disown one's parents, although one's brothers and sisters turn out ill. Yet your reviewer of Canon Bright's "Roman See in the Early Church, and other Studies," repudiates the obligations of England to St. Kentigern, the Apostle of Cumbria, and to the Northumbrian missionaries from Iona, because forsooth the Scottish Church became corrupt seven centuries later. Does England repudiate her obligations to St. Gregory and St. Augustine of Canterbury because the Roman Church became corrupt in the Middle Ages? Had your reviewer read history, he would not have suggested that Celtic Christianity, as represented by the Culdees, survived Queen Margaret and her sons. The Calvinism of Knox was no more the natural fruit of the Celtic Church than English Independency was of the Church of St. Augustine.—Yours faithfully,

PATRICK COOPER.

[The objections here raised arise from a very simple fact: the objector has not read Canon Bright, who has soberly proved what the review merely suggests, that "Scottish imagination has run wild about the Culdees," who have "been idealized by ill-informed controversialists. They did nothing, in their whole existence, for sacred learning; their corporate tone became secularized, and they drew on themselves, by their own conduct, discouragement and ultimate suppression." Their failure was contrasted with the success of the "Anglicizing methods," not because these were contemporary, but because the two pictures should now be looked at together, if our imaginations are nimble enough for so simple a work.—The REVIEWER.]

A POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 September, 1896.

SIR,—I beg to thank you for your courtesy in forwarding to me from your office a copy of your issue of the 12th inst., an act for which I should be grateful but for the grossly insulting terms of your review, which you can hardly have read, or you would not think it decent to inform a man that you have published to the world that his book is "miserable twaddle," "an insult to literature," a "nauseous and despicable" "compound of unctuous, sectarian cant," &c., &c. Need I go farther? or can even a Saturday Reviewer pick out more disgusting language from the gutter? Yet this is published as matter of opinion. It is in fact malice, but I will gladly overlook it if you will publish in full this letter of protest against your reviewer's conduct.

Over twenty years ago I brought an action against your paper for not nearly so libellous an article on an earlier book of mine; because I thought it was from the pen of a malicious member of my own circuit; but the late Dr. Finlaison (who was also aggrieved by it) having published the fact that it was from the pen of that intolerant man, the late Professor E. A. Freeman—in the days when Freeman buttered Stubbs, and Stubbs returned the compliment—each of them damning the books of all beside—and this same review bringing me many handsome acknowledgments of the value of my Saturday-Review-damned-book, I acted under the advice of my counsel, and dear old friend, Serjeant Parry, and did not proceed with my action. And I would the more gladly do this now because I am actually indebted to your Reviewer, who, when he con-

descends to rise above his slough of despond (see Bunyan's beautiful Protestant imagery), can apparently see some inches beyond his nose; and he has given me credit for having discovered that Alice, daughter of Edward Griffin, of Braybrook and Berkswell, was "probably" the poet's grandmother, and this is the main contention of my book. He has also practically admitted that I have dispersed the figments of Halliwell Phillipps and others who have written upon the poet's origin, for he admits "there is no proof at all of the identity of Shakspere's father with any John Shakspere, of whose career particulars have survived." If my book proves this, I have made very considerable progress in my undertaking, and no one who is not out of his mind can regard this discovery as "unctuous cant" or despicable. It was a small thing, but pray allow me to say that I disproved the connexion of the poet's father with "trade" only to disconnect him with the fables of Halliwell & Co. I see nothing despicable in trade, though some of the idiot reviewers are howling at me on this account.

I am afraid that the bloom of the schoolboy is not yet off the cheeks of your cheeky Reviewer; but do tell him there is no shame in using the abbreviated "tempe" for "tempore," and hint to the youth that I have probably forgotten a great deal more Latin than he ever knew.

I would refer your Reviewer for a full answer to his review to letters I have just published in the "Literary World" and one recently in the "Athenæum." Were he to read them he might feel more humble.—Yours truly,

JOHN PYM YEATMAN.

A NEW NATURAL THEOLOGY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 September, 1896.

SIR,—In the review of this work, in your issue of 26 September, your reviewer's statement that "the whole thesis rests upon a basis which is philosophically untenable" appears to me to be made more with reference to a basis of his own construction than with reference to anything to be found in my book. He says: "God must be evident in the first act, and not the fourth, of creation's drama. . . . If He is not found in simple apprehension, in the dance of cosmic dust . . . we shall only mystify ourselves if we profess to find Him in a law of sympathetic relationship." Presumably in these words he is criticizing my views. But my views are that God is evident everywhere, and your reviewer appears to see no distinction between what God is evident in and what He is evidenced by. The suburban citizen (for whom he supposes I write) may find God in the rustle of the elm trees and in the stars; but when called upon to give his reason for his belief—for the "how" and not the fact—he may find that the consideration of the objective facts leads him only to a problem insoluble by scientific methods. I do not say that God is not found "in the dance of cosmic dust"; what I do say is that the consideration of such matters forces a problem upon us which is philosophical and not interpretative in its nature. The suburban citizen may, however, say that God is evident in the trees and stars because in the relations of these things to him there are characteristics present which are evidences of a sympathy in Nature answering to the sympathy that goes out from himself towards Nature. Your reviewer requires evidence of a creative rather than of an immanent God; but it is the immanence of God rather than His creative power to which the universe, considered as an evolutionary process, bears testimony.—I am, &c.

J. MORRIS.

BOILED CASH

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEVIZES, 29 September, 1896.

SIR,—Every one has heard of the marvellous skill shown by Chinese experts in detecting false or light coin. A bank shroff passing dollars in a continuous stream over his middle finger, and tossing aside, with unerring accuracy, all that are a shade under weight, is

one of the sights of the East. But no one has, I believe, mentioned "boiling" as a test of value. It is a fact, nevertheless, that the Chinese boil *cash*.

The variation in value between Chinese copper coinage and silver has been the subject, lately, of some comment; and the human tendency to quarrel about anything—especially money—has been shown in disputing whether copper had gone up or silver down; just as "those who know and those who don't" (to quote the late Colonel Chesney) still dispute about silver and gold. So that the general reader has an inkling what *cash* are. Still it may be as well to premise that a *tsien*, as the Chinese call it, is—or should be—a bronze coin about the size of a shilling, with a square hole in the middle for purposes of stringing. They are strung, commonly, in hundreds—that is to say, between each hundred there is a knot; and another oft-described "sight" is to see a servant marketing with sundry strings across his shoulder: from all of which it may be gathered that *cash* are the current money in China and adjacent countries over which her influence extends.

There are advantages about this as well as disadvantages. An actual coin is preferable, for instance, to a paper of pins, which is the common substitute, here, for a coin of higher value. The disadvantage is in point of portability. Mr. Carles has told us how he had to hire a special pony on one of his Corean excursions for the purpose of carrying cash; and how he met two ponies, laden with 24,000 cash (equal £30, about £3), going up to pay the workmen at a certain mine. That is bad enough; but when it comes to sending cash up-country to buy tea, in China, it gets worse. The thousands then become millions; and it is now that the boiling comes in. For, though 10 cash are supposed to make one candareen, 10 candareens one mace, and 10 mace to equal 1 tael, in the sweet simplicity of a decimal system invented before our ancestors knew what *decem* meant, the presumption—as in many other cases, from the maxims of Confucius and others downward—differs widely from fact. In the case of cash this tendency to unreality has found expression in the substitution of emblems manufactured variously out of iron or sand and gluten for real bronze coin. A certain number of these spurious coins are always present; and now we reach the boiling point. As it is impossible to examine every cash in a million, the shroff boils a few thousand. Sand, gluten, and other such elements of fiction being thus eliminated, the residue is weighed; and he arrives at a rough estimate how many of the cash that are being accumulated really represent a tael.

An anecdote may illustrate more forcibly than much description the vagaries of which cash are susceptible in experienced hands. Travelling up the Yangtze were two Chinese gentlemen. When the boat stopped at a certain town, one of these asked the other (who was going ashore) to bring him back some tobacco, the price of which was 65 cash. The commission was accepted; time passed; and the ambassador returned—full of regret that he had been unable to execute the commission, as the price proved to be 70 cash; and, as his friend had only entrusted him with sixty-five, he had not ventured, &c., and had brought them back. The excuse was accepted with fitting courtesy—apologies for trouble, bows, regrets, and all the suave requirements of Chinese etiquette—till No. 1's back was turned, when No. 2 gave vent to his feelings in language invented for the relief of pent-up volcanoes. Sixty-five cash was, he explained to the bystanders, the genuine price. The fact was that No. 1 had wanted to make a cash or two out of the transaction; and, finding he could not do this out of the purchase, had exchanged No. 2's good cash for inferior, and pocketed the difference! One has to get up rather early in the morning to deal with a people to whom such transactions occur.

As it would be a pity to miss the opportunity of contributing a faggot to the bimetallic fire, I venture to suggest, respecting divergence in value, that cash have gone up for the simple reason that they are scarce. In asking, lately, for a supply of dollars and subsidiary coin the Governor of Northern Manchuria does not say silver is superabundant, but complains of "an extraordinary scarcity of copper cash, in consequence

of which the prices of all sorts of commodities have risen very considerably, to the great distress of the troops and of the common inhabitants of the region." If one were asked how the scarcity arose, one might suggest two causes. In the first place, the supply from the Yunnan mines—whence a great part of the copper used for coinage previously came—was cut off during the Mahomedan rebellion. In the second, cash used to be surreptitiously exported, at times, when copper was dear; so that the candle was being burnt at both ends. The supply is gradually reviving, and the export has, I believe, ceased; but the evil that men do lives after them, as witness Sauerbeck's tables, which continue to fall, notwithstanding the increasing production of gold.—Yours truly,

TZELING.

LICENSED VIVISECTION IN 1895.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

75 CLOVELLY MANSIONS, GRAY'S INN ROAD,

4 October, 1896.

SIR.—The official annals of vivisection for the year 1895, just issued, show that nearly 5,000 experiments were performed upon living animals in England and Scotland by persons holding licences under Act of Parliament. Dr. Poore's report contains no evidences of improvement; it tells "the old story" in more senses than one. In the first place, the number of experiments has increased, as has been the case annually (excepting in 1894) since 1889; in the second, the report, with the simple alteration of figures, is couched in almost precisely the same terms as last year. The latter fact in itself goes a long way to show plainly what a perfunctory thing is the inspection, so called, of the vivisector's work and his laboratory, as at present carried out. Indeed, it is hardly outside the mark to say that vivisection is virtually unrestricted in England. Nor is this opinion one solely held by anti-vivisectionists, for no less an authority than the "British Medical Journal," which is a keen advocate of vivisection, admits, in a leading article dealing with Dr. Poore's report, that he "shows that the Act under which the return is made does not, perhaps, check scientific investigation so much as might be feared." Speaking of certificate A, which permits of the testing of antitoxins as to efficacy and potency, in regard to which certificates the Home Secretary has expressed his willingness to issue them without limit as to number, and with a time limitation longer than that usually accorded, the "British Medical Journal" says: "This action on the part of the Home Office has been fully appreciated by those who are engaged in the preparations of antitoxins for preventive and curative purposes."

Such an Act as this disfigures the Statute-book, and is a grave moral blot on the nation. It is in reality a compromise made in the hope of satisfying two opposing parties. It does not please the humanitarians and zoophilists, yet it seems to satisfy the physiologist; but, whatsoever it may or may not be in that respect, it certainly leaves out the animals' interests, and they are practically worse off than before there was legislation on the subject. In a carefully prepared paper on "The Increase of Vivisection," published in 1891, Mr. Ernest Bell strongly emphasized the fact that vivisection is not an occasional practice resorted to only in special cases to settle some disputed points; but, on the contrary, an organized and systematized method—a method which the Royal Commission pronounced as "from its very nature liable to great abuse," and so long as this method is sanctioned at all, it will have a constant tendency to increase, as Professor Lankester said, "in something like geometrical ratio." It is, therefore, abundantly clear that restriction in vivisection is a failure, though we still think that great improvement is possible for the better protection of the experimenter's animal "material"; but, as anti-vivisectionists, we advocate the total prohibition of vivisection, and we can assure all whom it may concern that our agitation will never cease until that humanitarian desideratum is accomplished by the law.—I am, faithfully yours, JOSEPH COLLINSON.

REVIEWS.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VIGNETTES.

"Eighteenth-Century Vignettes." By Austin Dobson. London : Chatto & Windus. 1896.

A THIRD series of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes" is very welcome. We hope he may live to complete a baker's dozen of them, and that in his ripe old age he may throw them all together, rearrange the studies in chronological order, and so raise a durable monument to his knowledge, taste, and industry. It is verse, of course, that we desire from the most elegant and most epigrammatic of our living poets. But Mr. Austin Dobson is very obstinate in withholding his poetry from us, and, if he will not rhyme, the next best thing is that he should fashion in prose for us these delicate vignettes of social and literary life in the century which he knows so well and appreciates so perfectly. We must not quite say that he will not rhyme, for the preface to the present volume is a copy of octosyllabics that Gay or Parnell might have been very glad to sign. In these he lets us into the open secret of his method of critical composition. But his confession is too airy and too modest, and it would fare ill with most writers if they tried to cook the dish by the help of this melodious recipe.

Every one admits the skill of Mr. Austin Dobson, a skill which has grown with practice into something like legerdemain. But it is worth while to analyse his method. He is a practitioner of the mosaic style, and the success of his "Vignettes" seems to be the result of a kind of fortunate *flair* that has grown expert from constant application to limited areas. He takes, so it appears to us, some single book, generally of an isolated species—a book which from lapse of time has become a dead thing to the modern reader. Such is "Polly Honeycombe" or Gent's "Memoirs," "Puckle's Club," or Grosley's "Londres." The ordinary student, who comes across the old text of such a book as this, can make very little of it. He fails to comprehend the allusions; he is ignorant of contemporary events; he lacks, in short, the necessary atmosphere for enjoyment. But Mr. Austin Dobson breathes that atmosphere; he is as much at home in it as a fish is in the sea. Therefore, what he practically does is to annotate the subject throughout, so as to make its obscurest parts luminously intelligible to the everyday reader. But all this is done in such an unobtrusive way that the nineteenth-century man does not perceive that he is receiving instruction. Thus, Grosley says that he saw a picture by Reynolds of a lady sacrificing to the Graces. Mr. Austin Dobson knows who the lady was, and tells us all about her (p. 70). Grosley says that he saw Foote at the Haymarket. Mr. Austin Dobson, exactly as though he had been present in the theatre, remarks, quite gently, "Excuse me, but it was not 'Fout,' as you call him, but G. A. Stevens, who was giving his famous 'Lecture on Heads,' in Foote's house" (p. 66). Grosley mentions a member of Parliament who for twenty years had made but one speech, and that to move that a broken window at his back might be mended. Quite so, murmurs Mr. Austin Dobson, and his name was James Ferguson of Pitfour, member for Aberdeenshire (p. 74). We give these merely as examples of the mode in which the whole book is constructed, and we believe we exaggerate nothing when we say that Mr. Dobson alone of living scholars has the requisite eighteenth-century knowledge for such a work of sustained, minute erudition.

One must have laboured in some degree one's self in the field of eighteenth-century social literature to detect what are absolute additions to information in the course of these graceful "Vignettes," for Mr. Austin Dobson disdains by any signpost notes to draw attention to them. He introduces his discoveries into his elegant and delicately coloured narrative, and the reviewer may detect them or not, as he pleases. The book is thickly sown with little characteristic touches which are entirely new, but they will surely escape a hasty judgment. For instance, everybody knows, or is in a position to find

out if he likes, that Lord Byron, after being found guilty of manslaughter, pleaded his privilege as an hereditary legislator. But it needs a reader of the dusty files of the old "Morning Chronicle," and a fanatic for detail—"ce superflu, si nécessaire," which is Mr. Austin Dobson's motto—to add that he "went away comfortably in a chair to his own house in Mortimer Street." So slight, this, the reader says; was it necessary to tell me this? Assuredly it was, for it is exactly this touch which turns a mere dry fact of history into a little characteristic picture. For sheer ingenuity, for the piecing of little incoherent statements into a complete and interesting narrative, we know nothing to exceed the pages in which the books occurring in the catalogue of Dr. Mead's Library are made to suggest other books, and to construct a picture of the intellectual premises, so to speak, which the soul of the once-illustrious physician occupied. It seems so easy, so obvious—yet let any one else attempt to do it, and the bluntest of us will perceive the difference.

It is time, however, that we should give some account of the general contents of this "Third Series." The Vignettes are fourteen in number, and are so selected as to exemplify as many grades or conditions of social life. In "Exit Roscius" we have an account of Garrick's long delayed but ultimately inevitable "positively last appearance." Two purely bibliographical chapters tell us what men so unlike, and distinguished in such different spheres, as Mead and Fielding read in their private hours. In "Thomas Gent" we have the eccentricities of a printer; in "Puckle's Club" those of a notary public; in "Mary Lepel" those of a lady of quality, who walked with Pope by moonlight, and came upon King George I. giving audience to the Vice-Chamberlain, "all alone, under the garden wall." Here is the miniature portrait of a poet, Matthew Prior; of a painter and quondam rival of Reynolds, Allan Ramsay; of Cambridge the Everything, and of Grosley the Traveller; of the Strawberry Press and of the Tour of Covent Garden. It is, indeed, in the last-named essay that we discover almost the only omission of any importance which has attracted our notice. In his minute description of Covent Garden, how comes Mr. Austin Dobson to omit a reference to the curious, and we believe unique, curved pillars of the portico of St. Paul's, so often made the object of a pilgrimage by foreign architectural students, for whom Covent Garden has no other attraction? And, finally (to prove the closeness of our examination of the text), is it correct to speak of Macklin's famous tavern as having been open from March 1754 to January 1775? Our impression certainly is that it did not take nearly twenty-one years to prove the futility of the old actor's sumptuous experiment.

MR. GARNER AGAIN.

"Gorillas and Chimpanzees." By R. L. Garner. Illustrated. London : Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1896.

IT may be remembered that a few years ago a certain American, R. L. Garner by name, made a considerable sensation by the widely advertised discovery of a so-called language of the higher apes. Pressmen extend a generous welcome to every startling novelty, and although Mr. Garner was modestly diffident when he came among scientific people, he got on famously with reporters, and the world soon knew all that was to be known about the speech of monkeys. Mr. Garner, however, admitted that at that time his opportunities had been limited; he had picked up only a few words from menageries, where no doubt the speech was debased; and it was necessary to acquire the tongue in the country itself. And so the bold adventurer announced his intention to penetrate alone into the African jungles, where a correct and full vocabulary might be learned from unsophisticated gorillas and chimpanzees. A really brave man considers and provides for the dangers of his enterprise. The "locality in question," says Mr. Garner, "is infested with fevers, insects, serpents, and wild beasts of divers kinds. To ignore such dangers would be folly." And so he prepared a cage of iron lattice-work, in twenty-four panels, each 3 feet 3 inches square, to be bolted together into "a cage of cubical

shape, 6 feet 6 inches square"; the floor was to be made of wood raised on piles, and Mr. Garner is silent as to the use of the extra panels, of which there must have been four, for the mathematical reader will perceive that only twenty were required. This was to be erected in the heart of the forest, and you are asked to see the intrepid explorer laughing through the meshes of his cage at the throngs of fevers and insects, serpents, and wild beasts of divers kinds surging against the baffling gratings, while the gorillas and chimpanzees stood around in sweet converse. Thus equipped, Mr. Garner set sail for Africa, and this is the book of his doings there.

Unfortunately the author is no precian in geography, and we are left in some doubt as to the exact locality in which the cage was erected. "The part selected was along the Equator and south of it about two degrees." From the sketch of his itinerary, it seems that he went two hundred miles up the Ogowe River, and, passing through the lake region to the south, reached a place about two degrees from the Equator and twenty miles from the coast. We have been quite unable to follow this route on the ordinary maps of Africa, but some additional details we have derived from this volume make the matter somewhat simpler. Various photographs are reproduced in which Mr. Garner and his native boy are seen setting out from the cage for a walk, or preparing for the night, or watching for gorillas. Unless some friendly gorilla took the photographs, it is plain that the locality was within easy range of a photographer's establishment. Moreover, as in all the photographs Mr. Garner appears to have been very accurately shaved, and as he repeatedly describes the economies of equipment he had to put up with, it is plain that the site was within easy range of a barber's shop. Finally, as Mr. Garner mentions that while he was in the cage he received a letter containing a document that required signature, it is plain that it was within a postman's rounds. And so the locality may be fixed as that point reached by going two hundred miles up the Ogowe and back again to within twenty miles of the coast, still keeping two degrees south of the Equator, to the point where there is a barber, and a photographer, and a postman. To make the position absolutely clear, we are bound to add that Mr. Garner describes with some minuteness the visit of an armadillo to his cage. There are no armadillos in tropical Africa.

The dubiety as to geography is of little importance, as Mr. Garner's results are not of a kind to send other naturalists hurrying to his forest. No information of the slightest value is given as to the sounds and call-notes that may be uttered by the apes in their native forests. Half an hour in the Zoological Gardens would give as much knowledge to a competent observer as Mr. Garner brought back from Africa. Indeed, he himself seems to have some notion of this; for the greater part of his section upon gorillas is taken from descriptions of the well-known Consul II., which lived for some time in the Gardens at Manchester. In the particular matter of speech Mr. Garner's statements are merely ridiculous. He devotes three or four pages to them, and gives no information except that, as "all alphabets have been deduced from pictographs," alphabets cannot represent the sounds made by gorillas and chimpanzees. And so he invented a mysterious set of symbols consisting of brackets and dashes. However, in order to make these symbols intelligible, he himself translates them into the despised alphabetical system.

The greater part of the volume is just such a loose and inaccurate compilation as might have been made in England by one ignorant of anatomy and zoology, and quite unpractised in writing. Bad grammar is as abundant as bad science, and we can only wonder that a firm of publishers should care to risk their reputation by issuing so worthless a volume.

MR. HENRY JAMES' LATEST NOVEL.

"The Other House." By Henry James. 2 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1896.

WITHIN the past few years Mr. Henry James has produced a number of relatively short stories, each having for its central figure a novelist, which taken

together exhibit, as perhaps no other work of his does, all the choicest qualities of his art. It is to be hoped that in some future edition of the author's writings it may be found possible to bring them all together in a single volume. Thus combined, they would present a study of contemporary bookmaking such as no other language but our own contains. It is never quite fair to identify a novelist with any given point of view in his work; but it is impossible to ignore the note of pained contempt for the kind of fiction the crowd runs after nowadays which is sounded in all these tales. It rings out loudest in "The Next Time." Here we have the novelist who is, from the commercial standpoint, an "exquisite failure." He tries deliberately to write novels which shall be bad enough to be popular, and at each attempt he and his connexions are confident of success. Blank failure comes each time instead. The book is still too good, and amid increasing poverty and depression, the hapless man of letters begins the task again, hoping against hope for "the next time." He breaks down at last under the struggle and dies while at work upon a novel which "is a splendid fragment; it evidently would have been one of his high successes. How far it would have waked up the libraries," Mr. James cynically concludes, "is, of course, a very different question."

We hasten to deprecate any direct application of what we have quoted to the case of this new novel by Mr. Henry James. During all the twenty years and more of his writing life, the author has produced nothing which makes more incessant demands upon those peculiar faculties of perception and swift yet delicate analysis that he has himself developed in his admirers. None the less, "The Other House" is clearly the product of a determination on the part of the writer to open a new vein—to assume, in the words of the poor hero of "The Next Time," a "second manner." The change has no reference, it is true, to what are imagined to be the tastes of the circulating libraries, although, oddly enough, it happens that the book furnishes one of the few exceptions of the year to the new rule of single-volume novels. It may be put down instead to the increasing hold which the idea of writing for the stage has fastened upon Mr. James's fancy.

"The Other House" is conceived in a purely dramatic spirit, and worked out with a scrupulous regard for the conventions and limitations of the theatre. Although it contains 500 pages, it concerns itself solely with the events of two days, and divides itself into three parts, each of which has a set scene provided for its action, so finite and circumscribed that the reader has a sense of missing the stage directions. Act I., if we may so call it, passes in the hall of the semi-rural residence of a young banker, Mr. Tony Bream. It is the luncheon hour, and reference is frequently made to the table spread in an adjoining room, but we never see it. Upstairs the banker's young wife is in a state of collapse after the birth of her first child, but we know of her only from the bulletins which the doctor imparts to the characters who pass in and out of this hall. So faithfully are the possibilities of stage-carpentering kept in view, that the observant reader soon gets a mental picture of this "hall," with its glass doors opening upon the verandah, its writing-table on the prompt side, its chimney-piece with the French clock, and its convenient minor doors at the wings. The scene of Act II. (four years have elapsed) is on a shaded lawn, from which is obtained a view in the distance of the banker's residence—that is to say, "The Other House." In the middle distance there is a beautiful little stone foot-bridge, crossing the river to his grounds. In the foreground we see a tea-table with chairs on one side, a hammock on the other. Here passes, apparently within a couple of hours, the principal action of the book, the narration of which occupies 300 pages. Then the lights are lowered, and the scene changes to a drawing-room. It is twilight, with "the glow of the western sky faintly discernible through the wide high window that was still open to the garden." The servants bring in the lamp, and close this window, but later it is opened again to serve as an exit. There is a central door which is said to open into the library, and another entrance at one side, from the hall. Here, in semi-darkness, the very

powerful though brief Third Act goes forward in rapid strenuous dialogue and vivid situations to an eminently dramatic curtain.

The most obvious drawback to this method of construction is that it sacrifices almost entirely that side of Mr. James's art in which he is most nearly without rivals ; there is room for very little of the daintily whimsical commentary upon his characters, their looks and thoughts and motives and amiable absurdities, which he knows how to make so delightful. When he is not putting dialogue into the mouths of these characters, he is engaged almost wholly in providing that necessary description of their movements, their smiles and sighs and general stage-business, which in the theatre the spectator would see with his own eyes. One cannot escape the feeling that this latter is work which other and much lesser men do with more facility than Mr. James. The cultivated indirection of his style, so charming when it has a subject to match, gets in his way when it is merely a question of supplying the physical links in a chain of earnest and momentous dramatic dialogue. At the critical moment in an interview between the two people who have the chief burden of the tragedy on their shoulders, for instance, this is given in explanation of a pause : "She spoke without discernible excitement, and Tony had already become aware that the face she actually showed him was not a thing to make him estimate directly the effect wrought in her by the incongruous result of the influence he had put forth under pressure of her ardour. . . . What he most felt was a lively, unreasoning hope that for the hour at least, and until he should have time to turn round and see what his own situation exactly contained for him, her mere incontestable cleverness would achieve a revolution during which he might take breath." Of another character who finds himself under a cross-fire of feminine innuendos, it is said : "Smiled at in alternation by two clever young women, he had yet not sufficiently to achieve a jocose manner shaken off his sense of the strange climax of his conversation with the elder of them." These are, of course, aggravated examples of what we mean : there is, perhaps, nothing else in the book quite so difficult as either of them ; but they illustrate the tendency to make hard work of what should be simple plain sailing, which is the chief obstacle in Mr. James's path as a writer of drama.

At the risk of seeming captious, we have dwelt upon this less welcome aspect of "The Other House," for the reasons that whatever Mr. Henry James does is of importance to literature, and that any display of his craftsmanship employed under new conditions, or upon novel materials, must be of great interest to other writers. The means by which he arrives at his final effect are open, it seems to us, to a good deal of criticism. As has been said, men who are not to be compared with him, artistically, would handle the merely conventional machinery of narration with much more simplicity and effectiveness than he has been able to command. The reader preserves an annoying sense of this almost to the end of the book. But one admits, on the other hand, that when this end is reached, the grim force and power of it are truly remarkable. The story itself cannot be said to present mysteries at any point ; as if in obedience to the stage-dogma that there must be no secrets kept from the audience, the *motif* of the work is exposed at the outset. A dying woman whose girlhood had been embittered by the cruelties of a stepmother secures the infant daughter she is leaving behind from a like experience by getting her husband to swear that he will not wed again so long as the child lives. Her dearest school-friend is a guest in the house, and it is apparent from the beginning that she is resolved to marry the husband, and will not scruple to kill the child. With this potential tragedy in the air, the story proceeds for the greater part on lines of comedy. The interest is so slowly concentrated upon the young lady who is to do the murder that one finds himself well into the middle of the crime without realizing that the affable game of conversational cross-purposes over the tea-table is finished. The child who is foredoomed to death, moreover, has been kept, no doubt by design, as conventionalized a dummy as any stage-baby ; the killing of it seems for the moment rather a relief than

otherwise. But here a curious thing happens. The reader unexpectedly finds upon reflection that the printed page has faded away ; he looks in retrospect over the footlights instead, and the murderer of "The Other House" becomes a great *tragédienne*, the central figure in a dramatic situation of commanding intensity of force. There is no gainsaying the grip of the effect which Mr. James secures at the finish.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF EURIPIDES.

"The Tragedies of Euripides in English Verse." Vol. II. By A. S. Way, M.A. London : Macmillan. 1896.

THIS, the second volume of Mr. Way's brilliant and scholarly translation of Euripides, contains some of the least read of that poet's dramas—"The Children of Heracles," "The Madness of Heracles," "The Daughters of Troy," "Electra," "Helen," and "Andromache." Of these plays, three at least have a special claim on our interest. The first contains the finest female character drawn by Euripides ; the second has helped to swell the bulk of Browning's "Aristophanes' Apology" ; the third is the saddest of the wails of "sad Electra's poet"—

"A passionate scroll written over with lamentation and woe."

For the other three not much can be said, except that they exhibit phases of a great poet which cannot be overlooked. The introduction to the volume on Euripides and his work is admirable : it is instructive, judicious and eloquent. The translator owns large obligations to Professor Paul Decharme's "Euripide et l'esprit de son théâtre," and one can feel the influence which the brilliant Frenchman has exercised over Mr. Way, not so much in the actual content of his introduction as in its general spirit, air, and point of view. As regards execution, a strange thing has come to pass. Mr. Way is actually more successful in his rhymed lyric choral odes than in the dialogue. The choral odes have been the despair of translators, who have essayed every means of overcoming and evading the difficulty. Clearly the English lyric in the manner of Dryden or Collins is the best substitute. But who can be trusted to strike a clear and harmonious note on that lyre which is so irresponsible to a feeble touch ? Mr. Way can. Here is a passage which exemplifies his skill. Hecuba, in "The Daughters of Troy" (116-121), bewailing her lot, compares herself to an old bark rocking in the heaving sea. The metaphor is powerful and pathetic, but, untastefully handled, it might become almost grotesque. Mr. Way's version is as faithful as it is spirited :—

"I yearn to rock me and sway—as a bark whose bulwarks roll in the sea—
To my keening, the while I wail my chant of sorrow
and weeping unceasingly,
The ruin-song never link'd with the dance, the jangled
music of misery."

There is hardly a choral ode in which we do not find really successful efforts like this to combine a highly poetic style with a faithful reproduction of the thought of the poet. In the dialogue felicities abound, but resolution of the long syllable and other licences seem to us to be carried too far. We have heard of persons sitting through a whole act of a play by Sydney Grundy before they became aware that it was written in verse, and an audience listening to Mr. Way's blank verse would, we suspect, go through a similar experience. It is, indeed, difficult to scan lines like ("Andromache," 10)

"Hurled from the towers' height my Astyanax" ; or (ib. 167)

"Then from the golden ewers with thine hand."

But from the same play we would quote as an example of admirably vigorous versification Andromache's scornful impeachment of Sparta (445-460), and throughout, while the diction is always excellent, the metre is often quite satisfactory. The blank verse is fair, and the lyrics have a real lyric swing about them. But the best quality in the translation is the sound scholarship on which it depends. The version is quite faithful, and footnotes here and there show how carefully Mr. Way has marked, learned, and inwardly digested the works of the poet and the commentaries thereon. He often

puts forward an original view, and rarely fails to commend it at least to his readers, even if he fails to establish it. In a word, the student of Greek will admire his work for its fidelity and scholarship, and he who has no Greek will get nearer to Euripides than he ever approached before. To say that the translation does not in every passage—it does in many—read like an original work of art and not a translation, is only to say that Mr. Way has not accomplished a feat which has never been approached save, perhaps, in the English Bible and Coleridge's "Wallenstein."

In "Andromache," 122—the passage which Paley renders "They have involved you in an odious quarrel about a double bed"—we suspect that the poet wrote, not *συνέκλησαν*, but *συνέκελονται*. We do not see what suitable metaphor could be conveyed by the accepted reading; whereas the suggested one (the more probable because the verb is not found elsewhere) is one of the nautical figures which abound in Euripides. In "Andromache," 227, 228 we have so close an approximation to a well-known passage in "Hamlet" that it is hard to believe that Shakspeare had not somehow come across a translation of the play. It has been remarked that a passage in the "Phoenissae" beginning *ἄτρον ἀνθομ' αἰδέος πρὶς ἀτολάς* has a likeness to Hotspur's "By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap

To pluck bright Honour from the pale-faced moon," and it has been suggested that Shakspeare may have seen Dolce's version of the play. We are not aware that Dolce ever translated the "Andromache," but the words of Hamlet,

"That he would not beteem [al. let e'en] the winds of heaven

Visit her face too roughly,"

seem even more closely related to "Andromache," 227, 228—

*σὺ δὲ οὐδὲ φανδὶς ἵπαθρίας δρόσον
τῷ σῷ προοίκεν ἀνδρὶ δευμανούσῃ ἔσῃ.*

It may be mentioned that in another line (373) we have Byron's "A woman's love is her life."

*τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἄλλα δεύτερ' ἀν πάσχη γυνή,
ἀνδρὸς δὲ ἀμαρτάνοντος ἀμαρτάνει βίον.*

Mr. Way concludes his most interesting introduction by a quotation from Professor Moulton:—

"Next to Shakspeare Euripides has been the best abused poet in the history of literature. And the reason is the same in both cases. Each has been associated prominently with a dramatic revolution vast enough to draw out the fundamental difference between two classes of minds—those that incline to a simple ideal perfectly attained, and those that sympathize rather with a more complex purpose which can be reached only through conflict."

EARLY VICTORIAN PHILOSOPHY.

"Knowledge, Duty, and Faith." Lectures addressed to University Extension Classes by Right Hon. Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Truebner & Co., Limited. 1896.

THIS book is very welcome, because it swells the list of English politicians who are also students of philosophy. Mr. Gladstone's "Butler," Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," and Sir Thomas Acland's Lectures have this in common, that they prove conclusively that our public life is not yet become entirely a prey to mere sordid and self-seeking sophists, nor to the inflated vestrymen who can never rise above a peddling and a parochial policy. For politicians to take an interest in the lofty problems of philosophy would seem inconceivable in most countries—in America, for example. But then we have not yet fallen to the anti-Platonic position that kings must never be philosophers, and we can still call that State happy which is "planned by artists who make use of the heavenly pattern."

Apart from this, there is something intrinsically valuable in the book. It contains the thought of an older Oxford, an Oxford of more dignity and real culture, of no slang and of less fine writing than we now behold; and it is interesting to know what abiding principles a man who was Fellow of All Souls in the Thirties carried away with him from the University, and who were the makers and moulders then, whose spiritual

finger-marks could last through sixty years of rough jostling. Of these last the chiefest was certainly Coleridge and afterwards Maurice. Later writers never seemed able to displace these two or to become part of the mental structure of the author. He has read many of the more modern prophets, and read them in a kindly, open-minded spirit like a friendly and unpeevish father, but he could not feel at home in the new-fashioned logic or in that paradoxical transcendental metaphysic which found unity in diversity, identified Reason and Being, and even spoke slightly of the Major premiss and the Copula. It is salutary to listen to the wisdom of our fathers upon Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Berkeley, and Butler; it is good to hear their rebukes, to realize how little they love Mr. Herbert Spencer, and how glad they are that he is accounted meanly of in Germany. Sir Thomas Acland is actually misleading when he speaks about "the Neo-Kantians," and his account of Lotze is a little fanciful. It is a pity that he saw no further into Hegel, and supposes that he "is become in our day all but completely obsolete," as a "gnostic pantheist" would indeed deserve to be. But, apart from such failings, which it is almost unkind to notice, these "suggestions for the study of principles," as they are modestly called, will interest more readers than those of the University Extension classes. They are just the thing to give to a sixth-form boy, or in fact to any intelligent beginner. But why are the binding and paper so very ugly, even ugly enough to please the Americans?

THE BRONTË TRAGEDY.

"Charlotte Brontë and her Circle." By Clement K. Shorter. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1896.

WE must at last be at the end of the "Brontë revelation," for Mr. Shorter seems to have gleaned the field to the last straw: he has done his work so intelligently and so thoroughly that it is hardly possible that there exists in any quarter a scrap of authentic information left for future research. The chapter that opened so stormily with Mrs. Gaskell's book, forty years ago, is now closed, and, looking back, we can only note how little of real value has been added to the original story. Mrs. Gaskell holds the field; her "Life" stands out more distinctly than ever as one of the two or three great achievements in biographical literature; and if the publishers who first discovered the rare genius of Charlotte Brontë could arrange for a final edition containing some of the supplementary material presented by Mr. Shorter, all the rest that has been written on the subject—Mr. Matthew Arnold's verses and Mr. Swinburne's "Note," of course, excepted—might safely be forgotten. If the letters to Mary Taylor or to M. Héger had by any miracle been preserved, then literature would have been enriched indeed; but that hope has to be given up. Mr. Shorter has rescued from the bottom of an old cupboard in the house of Mr. Nicholls some precious relics, manuscript poems by Emily, the letters Charlotte wrote from Brussels to Emily and Bramwell, and Maria Bramwell's love-letters to Patrick Brontë—all of interest, although hardly of biographical importance. Two overlooked scraps in the nature of a diary, in Emily's handwriting, are reproduced in facsimile. The Nussey letters are very fully given, as also the letters to Mr. Williams—both contributions of real interest—and some letters to a Mr. James Taylor and a Miss Wheelwright, and that is practically all. The Haworth household remains in its essentials as it was presented by Mrs. Gaskell.

Genius is always a martyrdom, but surely the tragedy was never so piteous, so long drawn out as in the case of the Brontës. Mr. Shorter loyally attempts to rehabilitate Mr. Brontë and Mr. Nicholls; but, so far as the latter is concerned, his labour is surely superfluous. No one has ever wished to dispute that Mr. Nicholls was a worthy man and an orthodox curate. What was surmised, and is abundantly proved by the letters given in this volume, is that in not a fibre of his being was he in real intellectual sympathy with his wife. As for Mr. Brontë, again, we do not doubt that he was as "upright and honourable" as Mr. Shorter says; but that

he was passionate, vindictive, exacting, unsympathetic, and shared the Brontë weakness for whisky is also true and more to the point. His daughters tended him faithfully, but neither looked for nor received encouragement or sympathy. So long as Emily and Anne lived Charlotte had some companionship; but after their deaths "the canker of constant solitude" without "a ray of domestic cheerfulness" was her lot at home. This is visible through all her letters; but only once does the old passionate nature of Charlotte assert itself, and she writes to her faithful Ellen, "I only wish you were here to see papa in his present mood, you would know something of him." We confess we are a little tired of these constant attempts to prove that Charlotte Brontë was not what her letters show that she felt herself to be; and that there is much to be said for the various people with whom it was her lot to be thrown into contact, and so forth. Even the wretched Bramwell, we are assured, had intervals in which he was not an object of loathing and contempt to those who met him. As if the "Rev. Patrick Brontë, A.B.", and Bramwell Brontë and Mr. Carus Wilson and all the rest of them were of the remotest importance in themselves, instead of being simply factors in the environment of two women of genius, involuntary contributors to the fatal work of crushing out of them hope and joy, and, finally, life itself! That the average stolid robust Philistine could have survived the Haworth life is not to the point. The Brontë girls were not robust Philistines and Haworth broke their hearts. In their early days it was the cheery, pleasant Ellen Nussey who brought a little sunshine and happiness into their lives, and she naturally saw them at their best; but Mary Taylor had more intellectual and emotional kinship with the forlorn girls, and when the "Life" appeared and people were crying out about its "gloom," she could only write that it was "not so gloomy as the truth."

This strange life influenced the two women very differently. Charlotte was in her theories and convictions at least a prim little Puritan, and, while suffering acutely, she argues herself into a conventional resignation to her lot, even philosophizes over it, and labours to prove that in her "career" she has found some consolation for lost happiness:—"Lonely as I am, how should I be if Providence had never given me courage to adopt a career, perseverance to plead through two long weary years with publishers? How should I be with youth past, sisters lost, a resident in a moorland parish where there is not a single educated family? . . . The raven, weary of surveying the deluge, and without an ark to return to would be my type." Emily, on the other hand, was a rank Pagan. She accepts her misery as part of the nature of things and seeks no consolation in the designs of Providence. Life to her was an affair of "conquered good and conquering ill." Fate is too strong for her; it can kill her and torture her body, but it cannot touch her "chainless soul." Her only prayer is for "courage to endure" to the end, till she is made one with nature, with "the wild bilberry and the peat moss and the heather"—how could any one "imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth"? So she wears out first and dies at twenty-nine, leaving little more than an indication of what her life's work might have been. Charlotte lingers on for a few years, and achieves enduring fame and even some glimpses of happiness, but the "dumb and vacant" house by the graveyard, with all that it means, weighs on her like lead till she too succumbs. That is the Brontë tragedy. Two souls of singular beauty, meant for the expression of all that nature can teach of "passion, vehemence, grief, daring," wear their lives out in sordid drudgery and misery among the Yorkshire moors.

The controversy about Charlotte Brontë's reviewers is gone into by Mr. Shorter in some detail, and the essential facts are given in a way that should be final. It was interesting to trace out the authorship of the "Quarterly Review" article and to endeavour justly to apportion the credit for the coarse libel that purported to be a review of "Jane Eyre." Whether Lockhart or Miss Rigby wrote the offending words is not clear, and will probably never be known. The inequalities of style in the article obviously show interpolations, but whether they were Miss Rigby's second thoughts or Mr. Lock-

hart's tribute to the stupidity of his readers we cannot say. That Lockhart himself immensely admired the book is clear. "She is far the cleverest that has written since Austen and Edgeworth were in their prime," he wrote to Mrs. Hope; "worth fifty Trollopes and Martineaus rolled into one counterpane, with fifty Dickenses and Bulwers to keep them company." But the British public demanded austere virtue and a high moral tone from its "Quarterly," and it got them. Indeed, one of the most interesting things in connexion with the incident is the apparently hopeless abyss into which literary criticism had fallen in England in what we may without arrogance call the pre-*"Saturday Review"* period. It is not too much to say that the humblest provincial paper would now be ashamed to print as criticism articles that were looked on as quite admirable in the leading London Reviews years ago. It is difficult to imagine ourselves back in a world in which the "Athenæum" and the "Quarterly" devoted themselves to a discussion of the morals, the religion, and the domestic relations of the author of any book they reviewed, and asked whether the hero should not have undergone "regeneration" before he was allowed to marry the heroine; a world in which Mr. G. H. Lewes was regarded as an important personage and an authority in literature; a world which believed that Jane Eyre and Becky Sharp came from the same hand. All the people of that bad old world are well nigh forgotten, their only title to remembrance being that some of them were able to give pain to Charlotte Brontë.

CAMPS, QUARTERS, AND CASUAL PLACES.

"Camps, Quarters, and Casual Places." By Archibald Forbes, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

M R. FORBES'S collection of articles published in various periodicals recalls Landseer's famous picture of "Peace and War," in which the sheep may be seen grazing round the dismounted gun. The veteran war correspondent revives his reminiscences of the campaigns that made the new German Empire, and of those memorable feats of arms when scattered handfuls of Englishmen held their own against Northern India in revolt. As a man who has had exceptional opportunities of studying strategy and tactics, he discusses the conditions of warfare in the past and in the future; but then, by way of relief, the ex-private-trooper dashes off humorous sketches of soldier-life in barracks, and the patriotic Scot does some graphic painting of the North-country sheep-farmers and salmon-fishing in Strathspey. The volume is full of entertaining reading, alternately sensational, instructive, and amusing. And we need not say we like it none the less that the essayist has toned down the sensational style in which he spiced his despatches from battlefields with cayenne, and drew Skobelev at Plevna in the lurid colours befitting the burglarious hero of some "penny dreadful." Balaclava was fought before his time; but his article on the Charge of the Light Brigade is not the least interesting. It is another illustration of the difficulties under which history is written by the most careful, leisurely and industrious of historians, and reminds us, besides, of the false impressions that may be received by soldierly strategists who are looking on eagerly at operations through veils of smoke. Mr. Forbes's authority for a revised version of the affair is Captain Brandling, who was in command of a battery of artillery, and who was seated, so to speak, in the front row of the pit when the sanguinary melodrama was being enacted in the Valley of the Shadow. To put it briefly, Captain Brandling traverses Kinglake's statements in their most important details; and it would appear that even Sir Edward Hamley, who was present on the heights, had been deceived by what he fancied he saw of the Russian manoeuvring in the advance. Captain Brandling was actually within earshot when Lord Cardigan met Lord George Paget after the charge; and he was close to Lord Raglan when the latter beckoned Lucan aside and visibly reproached him with emphatic gestures. In fact, the only leaders who come well out of this version are Paget, who undoubtedly charged home, capturing

some of the rearmost Russian guns, and the veteran Scarlett, who led his brigade of the Heavies with unfaltering courage. It is noteworthy that the affair to which Kinglake devotes a fourth of his volume was over in less than six minutes. So that what with natural excitement and the swiftness of the scenes transacted behind dense clouds of cannon smoke, the most capable observers may well have come away with erroneous impressions. The disquisition on "The Warfare of the Future" is full of suggestion. Mr. Forbes sets out by attempting to demonstrate the somewhat startling proposition that "the warfare of the present, when contrasted with the warfare of the past, is dilatory, ineffective, and inconclusive." Among other illustrations, he points to Napoleon's brilliant campaign of Austerlitz, when, accepting the results of our naval victories, which made a descent upon England impracticable, the Emperor hurried across Europe to prostrate Austria and strike a heavy blow at the legions of the Tsar. He might have added that had Napoleon not been deterred by political considerations from following up his paralysing successes, the memorable campaign would have been even more decisive.

The lighter articles are all excellent, and some are exceedingly amusing to boot. In "Matrimony under Fire," which tells of a love-wedding the day before the bloody fight of the Spicheren, there is a blending of deep pathos with rollicking fun. There was a gay supper of German officers mixed with men of many nations on the eve of the wedding, when toasts were clamorously received with British cheering, and songs were trolled out in chorus, to an incessant running fire of sparkling Moselle corks. Next afternoon the drums and bugles of the Hohenzollern regiment sounded the alarm; the French bombarded Saarbrück while their battalions poured down from the hills; the hotel was a heap of ruins; the bridegroom lay stiff and stark with many of his jovial comrades, and his virgin bride was a disconsolate widow. "How I saved France" is all in comic vein. It tells how the correspondent sacrificed a beard (which was his pride) to the susceptibilities of French patriots and the civic responsibilities of a *maire* who apprehended the revival of international strife, and degradation in place of the ribbon of the Legion. "Christmas in a Cavalry Regiment" is also capital; but to the North-country compatriots of Mr. Forbes "My Native Salmon River" is incontestably the most attractive of all. Mr. Forbes tells some excellent stories of old local anglers, which, like Mr. Kinglake's narrative of the Balaclava business, we may believe or not as we please. But even on the peaceful banks and among the fir woods of the rushing Spey the soldierly instinct insists upon coming out, and the most piquant of the recollections is the boy's interview with old Lord Saltoun, who, with Ellis of the Grenadiers, held the Château of Hougoumont, when the shot and shell were falling like rain, and Ney himself, "the bravest of the brave," was heading the desperate assaults of the Old Guard. Mr. Forbes, with his pre-conceived fancies of the hero of Hougoumont, was grievously disillusioned when he saw "the stumpy old fellow in the duffel jacket that came up over his ears," whom he had addressed as the butler, although it was altogether in keeping with his lordship's valorous antecedents that he swore with remarkable vigour and fluency.

RIVERS AND CANALS.

"Rivers and Canals; with Statistics of the Traffic on Inland Waterways." By L. F. Vernon-Harcourt, M.A., M.I.C.E. Second Edition, Rewritten and Enlarged. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1896.

THOUGH described as a second edition, this is practically a new book. With the exception of some paragraphs incorporated here and there in the earlier part, and especially in the first two chapters, the whole work has been rewritten. Moreover, the general scheme has been altered. The first volume now deals with the flow, control, and improvement of rivers; the second with the design, construction, and development of canals both for navigation and irrigation. There is necessarily a close intimacy between the two subjects

when regarded from the civil engineer's point of view, and separate treatment is therefore not without its drawbacks; but the non-professional mind prefers to grasp one at a time, and as even the civil engineer is not particularly, if at all, incommoded thereby, we are inclined to regard the new arrangement as a distinct improvement. The first edition appeared in 1882, and much has been added to our knowledge since that time. A work which, like this, is intended primarily for everyday use by engineers must be a record of recent experience and full information if it is not to be supplanted. The author has successfully endeavoured, first by an investigation of the various physical conditions affecting rivers, second by the results of works, and last by experimental inquiries, to place the principles of river engineering upon a more scientific basis. Those who, not being engineers, are yet interested in the subject will find that in his treatment of it Mr. Vernon-Harcourt is not talking over their heads, and they will be benefited by the study. It is not the sort of book to keep a man spellbound until the early hours of the morning, but it is solid, practical, and useful, and may be regarded as a standard authority.

In his first volume Mr. Vernon-Harcourt deals with the regulation and canalization of rivers—dredging and excavating, locks, fixed draw-door and movable weirs, jetties and breakwaters at river-mouths, prediction of floods and protection from inundations, tideless river deltas and outlet improvements, tidal flow and forms of estuaries, training works in estuaries, and other cognate topics which admit of, and receive, definite treatment, mainly on the basis of actual accomplishment; for there is this to be said about engineering treatises which are deserving of the name—that the author gives you facts and offers very few speculative opinions. All rivers have not received adequate attention at the hands of local bodies and their engineers, even when their commercial or other importance might warrant the fullest study and the most assiduous "training." The authorities responsible for the safe navigation of such rivers as the Thames, Mersey, Clyde, Humber, Tyne, Tees, and others have awakened of late to the necessity of understanding them thoroughly in order to maintain them in a good navigable condition, and the result has been in more than one instance—as in the case of the Mersey bar—a signal triumph over natural disabilities which at one time threatened ruin. No river basin, however, has been studied so carefully as that of the Seine, and from the records furnished by M. Belgrand and his successors the author of these volumes has been enabled to draw up a fairly complete summary of its physical characteristics which might form a model of the information desirable with respect to other river basins. In regard to the Mersey, it may be added that the deepening of the channel over the bar which was in progress when Mr. Vernon-Harcourt penned his remarks on p. 280 has now been accomplished, and the water is being maintained by the aid of powerful mud-pump dredges at a depth sufficient to allow heavy-draft vessels to enter the river at all states of the tide.

That portion of the work which is devoted to canals may be characterized as a lucid *résumé* of all that is known and all that has been done in the provision of artificial waterways of all kinds and for all purposes. The purely technical details involved in the construction of irrigation canals, inland navigation canals, ship canals, and interoceanic canals call for no special attention in these columns; but, in view of the growth of an opinion favourable to works of this kind, we may at least commend Mr. Vernon-Harcourt's chapters to those interested. The increase of canals for purposes both of irrigation and of navigation is, in fact, one of the striking features of the century, and, as every one knows, recent years especially have seen some very noteworthy additions to the number of ship canals. On the Continent the development of inland navigation is regarded as a matter of national importance. In France, particularly, the completion of the connexions between the principal waterways of the country is being steadily pushed forward by the Government, and the main lines have been given uniform dimensions, in order that vessels up to 300 tons may pass along their entire length.

Of ship canals, however, we seem to have enough for the present; and the tardiness of some of the best-known undertakings in justifying their existence by attracting large volumes of trade and paying dividends to long-suffering shareholders has dampened enthusiasm in many a district which, a few years ago, was clamouring loudly for direct communication with the sea. Among the reasonable schemes which still remain *in nubibus* may be mentioned the project for an isthmian canal between the Forth and the Clyde. The proposal, recently revived, for a navigable waterway across the Isthmus of Krau, which connects the Malay Peninsula with Siam, has also much to recommend it. But we are not quite sure that a canal, 158 miles in length, across the peninsula of Florida would ever come within miles of a paying basis; for we do not believe that it would pay vessels trading with the Mexican Gulf to use it.

SOME UNIMPORTANT FICTION.

"The Braes o' Balquhidder." A Novel. By Douglas Aytoun. London: Alexander Gardner. 1896.
 "A Winning Hazard." By Mrs. Alexander. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.
 "Kate's Wise Woman." By Clara Louise Burnham. London: Gay & Bird. 1896.
 "Rediviva." By Marian Comyn. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1896.
 "The Face of a Soul." By Joseph Dawson. London: The Unicorn Press. 1896.
 "The Mystery of Bloomsbury Crescent." By Mrs. Lodge. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

HERE is a point where complacent vulgarity ceases to be entertaining, even in the eyes of the most philosophical. But the word vulgarity is too good to apply in this present instance; for Douglas Aytoun's commonness, ingrained, persistent, remorseless, hardly rises to the dignity of vulgarity. It is a mere trifle that the author should write "In a shady dell a most welcome picnic was speedily improvised from the contents of a well-filled and most capacious basket; while, later on, in a rocky recess, afternoon tea made its soothing appearance, under the deft manipulation of the two ladies, just as the two artists, who had been indulging in considerable devotion to the fragrant weed, began to sigh for its advent." This is but the language of the pot-house, and the conventional medium for the purveyance of important sporting news. But the author of "The Braes o' Balquhidder" conceives, thinks, and judges on this level of taste and intelligence, so that it is difficult to decide which is the most terrible, his style, his opinions, or his matchless complacency. In this case, at any rate, the style is the man, and Mr. Aytoun's intellectual worth may be justly gauged by the fact that he prints "the weaker (?) sex" and "her advanced (?) sisters," and that he puts every second word in inverted commas. This latter crime is, perhaps, the most exasperating of all, for it is a combination of ignorance and sham superiority with cowardice. Either such terms as chaff, first water, no sign, afternoon tea, spell, kissing, are not worthy Mr. Aytoun's pen or they are. If they are not, he should not use them; if they are, he should take the heavy responsibility upon his shoulders. The author makes up for his lack of a story by tags of guide-book history and statistics, and equally shameless and inept disquisitions on painting, literature, drama, and religion. In fact, "The Braes o' Balquhidder" is built up of all the worst faults invented by the most irresponsible and least gifted women writers during the last quarter of a century, and it makes the reader uncomfortable and ashamed—for all the world as if he were an unwilling spectator at a display of bad manners.

"A Winning Hazard" is as empty of interest as a novel can well be; its vacuity, indeed, is little short of remarkable. The book, however, is eminently wholesome in its tone, and, therefore, is a pleasant contrast to the many, &c. There is only one indigestible note to be found in its pages—namely, the heroine's neck, which suggests in its whiteness "a diet of cream and almonds."

The interest in "Kate's Wise Woman" is also somewhat attenuated; but the book stands on a higher level than "A Winning Hazard," for it is carefully and considerately written, and it has, for English readers at least, this advantage, that it deals with American life, unfamiliar in some of its details.

The two volumes of "Rediviva" are readable, and they contain one or two sentences that are something more, points that set the reader wondering what sort of novel the author could have achieved if she had started with the serious intention of writing something as well as ever she could, setting down as few things as possible that she had not mastered, that she had not realized and felt. The most important scene is also the best—in itself a good sign. The other scenes are done from afar; the author has not been able to focus her imagination upon them so as to feel her characters in action; she is

not moved, and we are not moved, so the signs of realization in the climax are rather unexpected. The hero is being swept by the storm of temptation; his uncle's beautiful wife, certain that her love is returned, has come to fling herself upon him, and through the tumult he is conscious of a chill undercurrent, the "curious undercurrent of reason." He rebels, he curses, "he would have respected himself a thousandfold more if he could have let himself be swept away as she was by a blind tide of feeling." No very extraordinary flight of imagination, but it is something. Nor does it show any marvellous insight that when he has refused, and they are on the way back to her house through the damp night, he "shivered, and was on the point of turning up the collar of his coat, but desisted, with an odd idea of incongruity"; but that, too, is something. At any rate, the two points stand out as differing in quality from the rest.

It is amazing to watch Mr. Joseph Dawson grubbing, as some one well expressed it, through three hundred and sixty-seven pages in the despairing effort to unearth a story. His struggles are rewarded by the following remarkable achievement. A certain merchant, who has lost his little daughter, adopts a stray little boy and trains him as a painter. The painter finds a patron and a lady-love, and then it turns out that the lady is the merchant's daughter and the painter is the son of his patron. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it is amazing to watch Mr. Dawson with this treasure in his embrace plunging through weary deserts in the hope of disguising it. He strives to hide it, for instance, under the soul business. It is an odd jumble. The painter sees a maiden's head and shoulders in a trance, and paints them. "IT WAS THE FACE OF A SOUL." The capitals are not ours. A maiden in a trance (*the maiden*) also paints, or sees painted, a soul, her own soul. Some time after she goes to the Academy with the villain. She is just about to fall into his clutches when she sees the painter's picture of her soul. "I shall falter no more," she says. "To what do you refer?" the villain asks. "To your offer of marriage," she replies in calm, decided tones; "it must never be mentioned more."

It has been said over and over again that hypnotism is a weakening factor in a detective story of murder and robbery. Even the author of such an unimaginable book as "The Mystery of Bloomsbury Crescent" ought to be able to see that all human interest and excitement departs from a mysterious crime with the entrance of superhuman powers. However, the hypnotist in this case looks like "some evil genii," with "square jaw, heavy and leonine," and he makes a confession of his schemes at the end—"how he was foiled we already know"—and the hero and heroine marry and live happily ever after. Mrs. Lodge has a pretty employment of the letters *i.e.* She would, for instance, say that somebody went in a carriage to Hyde Park, with the intention of picking up his wife—*i.e.* if she had not already left in a hansom.

RECENT VOCAL MUSIC.

MESSRS. AUGENER send us three books of songs by Mr. Richard Gompertz, which are emphatically the most interesting and hopeful things of the sort we have chanced on for some time. Mr. Gompertz shows signs of Brahms' influence, but it has by no means overpowered him. He has original feeling and expresses it in true melodies, many of them sweet, others passionate, and all of them grateful. The Spring-song in Book I. is full of the freshness of spring; "Upon my Darkness" in the second volume is both powerful and pathetic; while the lullaby in the last book is a delightful specimen of a style of song which is perhaps rather overworked. But there is nothing in any of the three books that will not well repay singing.

Messrs. Weekes have conceived the excellent idea of publishing a series of songs of rather better than the average quality. But they have made an unfortunate beginning, for Sir Alexander Mackenzie's setting of Campion's "Fire that Must Flame" serves for little else than to remind one how lamentably the Scottish composer's invention has waned since the days when he wrote a melody of the same type for "The Sun-ray's Shine" (in "The Troubadour") and "There's a woman like a dewdrop" (in "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon"). Not even common sense is manifest in the song now before us. The words begin:—

"Fire that must flame, is with apt fuel fed,

Flowers that will thrive, in sunny soil are bred."

(We have punctuated the lines to make our point clear.) Sir Alexander has set the first line correctly, even making a slight pause on "flame" to indicate the punctuation. But he actually sets the second line

"Flowers that will thrive in sunny soil, are bred," which we beg to call mere nonsense. Professor Stanford's "O fondest and truest" is rather better, and best of the three songs of the series which have reached us up to the present is Mr. A. Somervell's setting of Mark Collet's "I love her." It is not an extraordinary accomplishment of high genius, but it is better than Professor Stanford's tune, and far better than Sir Alexander Mackenzie's abortive attempt at a tune.

There is not much to be said in favour of Boyce's "Tell me,

ye brooks" as arranged by Miss Mary Carmichael. There is no invention whatever in it: it is an arrangement of the driest bits of Handel: the melody is poor and the accompaniment awkward. We scarcely understand why pp. 4 and 5 are the same, with the exception of the last bar, or why that last bar as given on p. 5 should contain a quaver too much. Miss Carmichael's own song, "Hey! Jolly Robin Hood" is much livelier stuff; and indeed is a capital imitation of the old-fashioned "jolly" song of the fifties, only better. Mr. William C. Box has written songs about Normandy and Brittany, and Brittany seems to have inspired him least. Mr. Gerard Cob's "Me darlin'" is a pretty tune with a musicianly accompaniment.

From Messrs. Ashdown we have received a vast quantity of drawing-room ballads, which are, of their kind, both good, bad, and indifferent. Miss Alice Borton is one of the largest contributors to the pile, and one or two of her efforts show refinement and a degree of invention. But Mr. Frank Moir's "Because the Springtime's here" is far too strongly flavoured with Mendelssohn. Mr. Tito Mattei is, we note, at it again in the sacred line. Surely it is time that voices heard in the twilight, and dim-lit cathedrals, and consumptive choir-boys had a short rest. Mr. Mattei's "An Angel Singing" is neither worse nor better than a thousand others of its sort. Mr. Anton Strelezki is more graceful and melodious than many of the herd of ballad-mongers, and his "Ragged Robin" is not at all bad stuff in its rather trifling way. The same drawing-room ballad maker's "Love's Abode" is, however, very unsatisfactory, partly owing to the fact that the composer has very unwisely chosen to manufacture his own "words."

Messrs. Enoch & Son send us another appalling batch of drawing-room songs. We suppose the public buys them, but to us the sight of so many is astonishing enough. Mr. Landon Ronald's "Les Adieux" is pretty; but Mr. Gerald Lane's "The Old Highland Home" is an obvious imitation of a popular nigger melody. "Bygones" by Miss Frances Allitsen will soon be a bygone, we presume, for it is very much less charming than other of Miss Allitsen's endeavours, and it is scarcely vulgar enough to catch the ear of the great vulgar public. Messrs. Enoch are republishing a number of "Early English Songs" under the general title of "Echoes of Olden Times"; but with the exception of a song by Hook all they have issued up to the present moment seem to have come from the pens of Handel and Dr. Arne, who are hardly "early English." We hope that when their zeal for the great last century composer and his minute imitator has worked itself off, they will let us have some of the genuine old English melodies. It is only fair to say that Miss Mary Carmichael, who appears to be the editress, has done her work very well. We have not space here to discuss Marchesi's "Vocal Method," and must content ourselves with the remark that it is a valuable work for students of singing.

The most tuneful ballads before us are without doubt, on the whole, those coming from Messrs. Chappell. We should not like to say this is always the case, but on this occasion it most certainly is. Lord Henry Somerset's "Hush me, O Sorrow" is not very attractive, nor is Mr. Reginald Groome's "Stars may forget" stimulating, but Mr. Franco Leon's songs "The Whirligig of Time" and "Love's Pathway" are decidedly pretty and not unexpressive, while Miss Maud Valerie White's "Did one but know" is worth probably all the other ballads published in the same week. Miss Florence Aylward shows by her "Highway Courtship" and "A Woman's Will" that she has a sprightly fancy; and Miss Liza Lehmann's setting of an old madrigal "No, no, no!" is a fair imitation of the old-world manner.

Mr. Charles Salaman's "Concealed Love" and "The Resigned Lover" (Novello) are both insipid enough, but they have a certain grace, and are free from the vice of pretentiousness. There is a hideous misprint in the second. The last stave of the first page ought of course to be in the bass instead of the treble clef. The mistake is the less excusable as the change of clef is indicated at the end instead of at the beginning of the line.

We have also received songs from Messrs. Patey & Willis, Forsyth Brothers, Phillips & Page, Morley, Paterson & Sons, Novello, and Marriott & Williams; but these, with a number of compositions for use in schools, must lie over for a future occasion.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

As usual, at any rate in these latter days, the historical portion of the "Edinburgh Review" is excellent, far better reading than anything else in its pages. No doubt the authorities who contribute to this branch of writing in the "Edinburgh" are particularly capable; but the more general reason for their superiority is not far to seek. In the ordinary course an article, and especially a long article, is interesting in so far as it is constructive, and the historians of the "Edinburgh" make the books with which they head their articles an excuse for writing a page of history. It is natural that a man who is presenting us with a carefully constructed tale of the Third Napoleon's power and weakness should be more engrossing all along than another who is continually breaking into whatever

he may have to say of Beethoven's symphonies with criticisms of Sir George Grove. The writer of this latter article has a good many points to make, more than he can manage successfully; but one at least is of prime importance, the fallacy of the "poetic basis" theory, and we wish he had gone into it more fully. There is perhaps just this shadow of an excuse for the fallacy—the translation or materialization of a musical phrase, as if it were a symbol, may sometimes make the difficult art of writing about music, especially for outsiders, a little less difficult. The most exciting of the historical papers is on Napoleon III., "réveur et conspirateur," bent at will by Cavour, crushed by Bismarck. A review of the second volume of the "Dropmore Papers" gives us a glimpse of the inner workings of Ministers and diplomats during the years 1791-1794, and another writer brings the despatches of Venetian envoys in London to elucidate the history of Lady Arabella Stuart, the niece of Mary Queen of Scots, and, as a possible claimant to the throne, a much suspected and imprisoned person. "Catholic Mystics of the Middle Ages," a paper dealing chiefly with St. Teresa, Suso, and Julian of Norwich, is a charming and tender piece of work, an almost perfect thing of its kind. "The Country and its Ministry" is not remarkable; but there is food for astonishment enough in "New Views about Mars."

The "Quarterly" is less full of interest than the "Edinburgh"; but there are at least two excellent contributions. If the appreciation of Friedrich Nietzsche is not of great philosophical depth, it is sympathetic, and written with much swing and enjoyment. To pass from this to the second article, on Sir Thomas More, is like stepping out from a brilliantly lighted room into the November desolation of Manchester Square. It always seemed rather a pity, considering the futility of the great tragedy, that Cicero should have been so heavily blamed for his policy towards Caesar. "Cicero's Case against Caesar" is an apology for Cicero, very skilfully built up out of extracts from his letters. It is also grateful to hear from a reliable source that Shakespeare's "almost supernatural clairvoyance" makes him a safe authority on the question of the motives that were at work. "The Papal Conclaves" is an intricate subject readably treated; "Elizabethan Fashions" is a good subject too, but rather wearisome when it occupies thirty pages. "The New Art Criticism" is chiefly concerned with the Morellian method as carried out by Mr. Berenson, and there are the not unusual articles on Uitlanders' grievances and the Presidential Election.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

Andes, Over the (May Crommelin). Bentley & Son. 6s.
Andria (Percy White). William Heinemann. 6s.
Architecture, European (Russell Sturgis). Macmillan. 18s.
Armenia, Roads About (E. A. B. Hodgetts). Sampson Low. 6s.
Ballads, New (John Davidson). John Lane. 4s. 6d.
Ballads: Old English, Book of (G. W. Edwards). Macmillan. 6s.
Book of the Gubbe, The (G. D. Waldo). Blackwood. 2s. 6d.
Belgrave (November).
Bessie Kitson (G. Norway). National Society. 1s. 6d.
Blachford, Lord, The Letters of (G. E. Marindin). John Murray. 16s.
Blackwood's Magazine (November).
Bob Strong's Holidays (J. C. Hutcheson). Jarrold & Sons. 3s. 6d.
Casa Braccio (F. M. Crawford). Macmillan. 6s.
Chemistry, Experimental (J. Castle-Evans). Thomas Murby. 2s. 6d.
Chinnie Fadden (Edward W. Townsend). Osgood, McIlvaine.
Claude Carton (T. J. Henry). Livingstone. 3s. 6d.
Common Chords (Raymond Jaegerus). Jarrold & Sons. 3s. 6d.
Contemporary Review, The (November).
Copyright, The Law of (B. A. Cohen). Jordan & Sons. 7s. 6d.
Cornhill Magazine, The (November).
Customs Union Question, The (W. Pearn-Robinson). Kegan Paul & Co.
Danton, and other Verses (A. H. Beesly). Longmans. 4s. 6d.
Devil-Tree of El Dorado, The (Frank Aubrey). Hutchinson. 6s.
Dress Cutting and Tailoring (M. Prince Browne). A. & C. Black.
Dwarf's Tailor, The (Zo Dunderhill). Osgood, McIlvaine.
Electro-Physiology (W. Biedermann). Macmillan. 17s.
Empire Englishman, The (Fred. Wishaw). Hutchinson. 5s.
England's Wealth Ireland's Poverty (T. Lough). Downey & Co. 1s.
Eton in the Forties (A. D. Coleridge). Bentley & Son.
Finance, Public (Introduction to) (C. C. Plehn). Macmillan. 6s. 6d.
Floating Island, The (Jules Verne). Sampson Low.
Ford Madox Brown (F. M. Hueffer). Longmans. 42s.
Fortnightly Review, The (November).
Foundations of Success, The (Stanley de Brath). Philip & Son. 2s. 6d.
French Lessons for Middle Forms (G. E. Fasnacht). Macmillan. 4s. 6d.
Friendly Girl, A. (G. P. Slater). National Society. 1s.
Gardening, Cottage (W. Robinson). Cassell & Co. 3s. 6d.
Gemini Generals, The (D. & J. Wilkinson). Innes & Co. 10s. 6d.
Girl's Wanderings in Hungary, A (H. E. Browning). Longmans. 7s. 6d.
Glasgow (Sir Jas. Bell and Jas. Paton). MacLehose & Sons.
Good Words, Vol. 1896. Ibsiter & Co. 7s. 6d.
Greek Constitutional History (A. H. J. Greenidge). Macmillan. 5s.
Highways and High Seas (F. Frankfort Moore). Blackie. 3s.
History, Prophecy, and the Monuments (J. F. McCurdy). Macmillan. 24s.
History of Sculpture (Marquard and Frothingham). Longmans. 6s.
Impossible Person, An (Constance Cotterell). Fisher Unwin. 2s.
In Honour's Cause (G. M. Fenn). Partridge. 5s.
In Time to Come (E. Holmes). Hurst & Blackett.
Italian Highways (E. A. King). Bentley & Son.
Jess (Rider Haggard). Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d.
John Westcott (James Baker). Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.
King Pippin (Mrs. Gerard Ford). Jarrold & Sons. 3s. 6d.
Laird's Survey, The (M. B. Debenham). National Society.
Land of the Monuments, The (Jos. Pollard). Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
Leading Strings, Gardner, Darton. 6s.
Leeaway (Howard Kerr). Innes & Co. 6s.
Literary Shop, The (J. L. Ford). John Lane. 3s. 6d.
Little Miss Curlylocks (Audrey Curtis). National Society. 2s.
London Society (November).
Longman's Magazine (November).
Loss of John Humble, The (G. Norway). Blackie. 3s.
Lower Life, The (Francis Gribble). Innes & Co. 6s.
Miller's Niece, The (H. W. Lucy). Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.
Minstrel Dick (C. R. Coleridge). Gardner, Darton.

Morals and Emotions of a Doll, The (S. B. Martin). Jarrold & Sons.
 New Review, The (November).
 North American Review, The (October).
 Ocean Outlaw, An (H. St. Leger). Blackie. 4s.
 Oil Painting, A Plain Guide to (Hume Nisbet). Reeves & Sons.
 Pembroke, Earl of, Political Letters and Speeches of. Bentley & Son.
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By order,
 FRANK BUSH, Secretary.

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Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, LIMITED.

REPORT of the DIRECTORS, submitted to the Shareholders at a Meeting held in the Board Room, Colonnade Buildings, Fox Street, Johannesburg, on Monday, September 28, 1896, at 2.30 p.m.

THE Directors submit herewith the Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account of the Company for the year ended June 30, 1896, showing a balance of profit, including the amount carried from last account, of £531,186 3s. 7d. This result has been arrived at after writing down the assets, where necessary, to the market value of the day. Since then the value in many cases has improved. An interim dividend at the rate of 30 per cent. per annum was paid to December 31, 1895, and the Directors have declared a further dividend at the rate of 30 per cent. per annum, together absorbing £199,500. This leaves a balance of £331,686 3s. 7d. to be carried forward. The Directors propose to place £250,000 of this amount to a separate reserve account by way of creating a dividend protection and equalisation fund.

Bearing in mind the conditions existing in Johannesburg at the end of last year and during the first six months of the present year, and the consequent stagnation in business and depreciation in values, the Directors consider the net result of the year's working to be very satisfactory. These adverse conditions have now passed away.

Since the close of the year covered by this Report the Founders' Shares in the Company have been extinguished in accordance with arrangements already sanctioned by the Shareholders, and to do so the Capital of the Company has been increased to £500,000, of which 15,236 Shares are held in reserve.

The figures of the accompanying accounts show a marked growth in the business of the Company, which is still capable of great expansion. Some valuable fixed properties have been acquired during the year, and the full development of the real estate assets of the Company is being pushed forward. One large building has been completed and readily let at good rentals, and others are in course of erection or about to be commenced. The business of receiving deposits and of making advances on first mortgage is also being cultivated within the limits of safety and profit. The administration of the mining department of the Company's business has been strengthened, and the number of Mining Companies for which this Company acts as secretaries has greatly increased.

At the Extraordinary General Meeting convened for this day, following the present meeting, resolutions will be submitted to the Shareholders for the adoption of certain provisional agreements between this Company and (1) the Barnato Bank, Mining, and Estate Corporation, Limited, and (2) the Johannesburg Waterworks, Estate, and Exploration Company, Limited, and for the further increase of the capital of the Company to £2,750,000 by the issue of 1,900,000 Shares of £1 each for the following purposes:—

To acquire the assets of the Barnato Bank, Mining, Estate, and Corporation, Limited, at the ratio of five Shares for eight Bank Shares. To acquire certain freehold and leasehold properties from the Johannesburg Waterworks, Estate, and Exploration Company, Limited, at the ratio of one Share for three Waterworks Shares, but without extinguishing the latter. To acquire the assets of the Houghton Estate and Gold Mining Company, Limited, at the ratio of one Share for three Houghton Shares. To acquire the Yeoville Estate from the Johannesburg Building and Estate Syndicate, at the ratio of three Shares for four Syndicate Shares. To acquire the remaining Shares not already in the hands of this Company of the Johannesburg Market Concessions and Buildings Company, Limited, and the Central Commercial Buildings Company, Limited. Total 21,904

New issue to be offered to the Shareholders of the Company at 75s. per Share, at which price the issue is guaranteed free of any commission or option by Messrs. Barnato Brothers. 200,000

Charles Jessel, Bart., John Stroyan, Esq., and W. Garland Soper, Esq. (the last of whom will represent the Shareholders of the Johannesburg Waterworks, Estate, and Exploration Company, Limited), who will join the Board after the Annual General Meeting.

The Directors regret that they have lost the services in Johannesburg of the General Manager of the Company, the Hon. John Thudhope, who has removed for a time to the London Office. Mr. J. A. Hamilton, lately an Inspector of the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, and Mr. Harold F. Strange, have been appointed Joint Managers, the former in special charge of the Financial Department of the Company's business and the latter of the Mining Department. Mr. G. W. Starr, as Consulting Engineer, continues to give his undivided attention to the business of the Company, and Mr. R. Pizzighelli has been appointed Surveyor to the Company during the past year. Both gentlemen are assisted by an efficient staff.

Messrs. J. P. O'Reilly and John Munro, and Messrs. Chatteris, Nichols & Co., the Company's Auditors in Johannesburg and London respectively, retire from office, but, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.—By order of the Board.

H. M. NOBLE, Assistant-Secretary.

BALANCE SHEET as at June 30, 1896.

CAPITAL AND LIABILITIES.		
Capital	£500,000	
Less Reserve Shares	2,000	
Reserve Fund	£758,000 0 0	
Money on fixed deposit and on loan	400,000 0 0	
Bills payable and other liabilities	1,000,884 17 6	
South African Trust and Finance Company, Limited (for balance of purchase price of assets in suspense)	47,583 9 0	
Balance Profit and Loss (after payment of interim dividend to December 31 last, amounting to £139,700)	50,739 17 10	
	421,486 3 7	
	£3,084,194 7 11	
ASSETS.		
Cash on hand and at Bankers	£90,773 0 5	
Loans on Market Securities in London and in Johannesburg	359,747 3 5	
Loans to Mining Companies	597,139 6 7	
Sundry Debts	118,398 8 1	
Investments in Real Estate	59,941 15 3	
Investments in Mining Properties	85,734 2 4	
Investments in Stocks and Shares, including Municipal Bonds and Shares in Mining, Financial, and other undertakings	1,487,536 8 5	
Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, 15,000 Shares to be delivered to the South African Trust and Finance Company, Limited, as part of balance of purchase price of assets per contra	37,500 0 0	
Machinery and Mining requirements in stock and in transit	33,350 17 3	
Office Furniture, Fittings, and Instruments	3,497 6 2	
	£3,084,194 7 11	

APPROPRIATION ACCOUNT (last Financial Year).

Dr.	
To dividend to Shareholders registered July 31, 1895	£357,600 0 0
Reserve fund	400,000 0 0
Balance to this year's accounts as below	396,429 4 10
	£954,029 4 10

Cr.	
By balance carried forward June 30, 1895	£354,029 4 10
	£954,029 4 10

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, July 1, 1895, to June 30, 1896.		
To Directors' fees	£3,468 15 6	
Salaries, including Auditors' fees	25,566 12 10	
Interest and exchange paid	17,271 10 4	
Establishment charges including rent and taxes, insurance, stationery, printing, and advertising	8,737 12 1	
Balance	£531,186 3 7	
Less interim dividend at the rate of 30 per cent. per annum to December 31, 1895	119,700 0 0	
Leaving, as per Balance-sheet	£411,486 3 7	
Proposed to be appropriated as follows:—		
Income reserve account	250,000 0 0	
Dividend at the rate of 30 per cent. per annum to June 30, 1896	79,800 0 0	
Carried forward	81,685 3 7	
	£411,486 3 7	
	£586,230 13 10	

Cr.	
By balance from last account	£396,429 4 10
Gross profits for the year ended June 30, 1896, after valuing Securities in hand at market price	189,801 0 0
	£586,230 13 10

We have audited the accounts of the London Office of the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, and found them correct. We have also verified the Share Certificates and other Securities.

"CHATTERIS, NICHOLS & CO.,
"Chartered Accountants.

"London."
"We have audited the accounts of the Johannesburg Office of the Company, an i found them correct, and they and the accounts of the London Office are properly incorporated in the above Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account. We have also verified the Securities at Johannesburg."

"J. P. O'REILLY and J. MUNRO, Auditors
"Johannesburg, September 23, 1896."

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